

AMONG
THE
INDIANS
OF
ALASKA

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Walter Culbertson

Dec 25th 1917

Grandpa & Grandma
Hiatt

Among the Indians of Alaska.



CHARLES AND MAY REPLOGLE.

Among the Indians of Alaska.

BY
CHARLES REPLOGLE.
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With Eight Illustrations.

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INTRODUCTION.

DURING the recent visit of Charles Reptogle and his wife to this country, it was a pleasure to us to have them make their home with us, when they were not visiting in other parts, and we very much enjoyed their genial company. During these times we came to know a good deal of their work and prospects in Alaska.

From the interesting accounts given, I encouraged Charles Reptogle in a desire he had had on his mind for some time, to write a book on their experiences.

As they were spending the last Christmas holidays with us we thought this might be accomplished then ; and, with the aid of a stenographer, Charles Reptogle compiled this volume.

As will be seen in the perusal of these pages, he has very much at heart the welfare of the Indians, among whom he has been working ; and his great desire is to help them through the development of the

natural industrial resources of the country, to better their condition. From his accounts he evidently has great influence with the tribe, among whom he has been working, and, although he has not made a point of this in his book, he has been adopted into the tribe, and chosen as their Chief. Consequently he has absolute control of the Indians, as the Chief has the making of their laws, and his decision as a judge, in all cases when appealed to, is final. The tribe—"The Eagles"—of which he has been chosen Chief, numbers, I believe, about 2,000; and Charles Replogle thinks that a very profitable business might be carried on by the tribe, in starting a cannery for the preserving of salmon, etc. His idea is, that a small company should be formed, with sufficient capital for exploiting this; but from whom the Indians could purchase shares in the undertaking, as they were able by their industry to accumulate funds for this purpose, and so redeem what money might have been expended in it. In the meantime, whatever money would be advanced by any, would immediately the work could be started, bear a good percentage of profit, until such time as it could be redeemed. The canning business has proved very profitable to many concerns, not having the same advantages as these Indians would have, and who have to employ more expensive labour without the same facilities.

Charles Replogle has obtained a grant from the United States Government of a tract of land, with sea frontage of six miles and depth of six miles, embracing one of the best hunting and fishing districts on the coast, with several rivers and creeks abounding in salmon. His idea is, that this tract of land should be used for settlements for the exclusive use of his tribe of Indians.

Whatever profits may arise from the sale of this book he is intending to devote to the equipment of the "Cannery," or other industrial arrangements for them.

GEORGE S. BAKER.

"Frontenac,"

Willesden, London, N.W.

May 10th, 1904.

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CHAPTER I.

HOW THE CALL CAME.

I WAS born in Wayne Co., Indiana, U.S.A. My father and mother were not avowed Christians, but were moral, honest people. Their ancestry on both sides as far back as we can remember were German Baptists or Dunkards. According to the faith of their ancestors they were brought up after the very straitest order, wearing the plain dress something after the manner of Friends, broad-brimmed hats, and coats without collars. These German Baptists were very spiritually-minded people, but closely bound to the outward forms and ordinances. In order to be a good Dunkard, one should be baptised in water three times under, forwards ;—no other way would do. One must observe the “Feast of Charity” and take the Communion. The “holy kiss” is put upon all. The women wear, apart from plain bonnets, an under cap made of thin, white material. These restrictions seemed to have been in the way of my parents ever uniting with the Dunkards, but it was in such surroundings, we boys—three of us in number—grew to manhood Our father taught us

the best he knew, how to be honest, upright citizens, but beyond being a citizen, it had not entered into his mind to teach us ; and as time passed by, we began to see that in order to be good citizens, we must be citizens of the highest order, and we could not be true to one country and untrue to another, for a man who is not true to one cannot be true to another ; therefore a man cannot be true to man and not be true to God, and it began to dawn upon me, at about sixteen years of age, that there was something beyond, for which to live.

Previous to this time, I had read infidel books of all descriptions, and I was especially pleased with Tom Paine's "Age of Reason." I thought that it contained the germ of brotherhood. Later I found that the real brotherhood rested in Jesus Christ. Tom Paine philosophised ; Jesus Christ wrought ; Tom Paine theorised. Jesus Christ came as a living personality into men's lives. As this idea opened up in my mind, all the dusky shadows of the past vanished away, and as I began to look out into the world to come, the boundaries of our own country were too narrow ; all mankind became a brotherhood, and to me a good thing was good to all men alike. Thus the seed of an early desire for Mission work came into my heart.

At twenty-one I married, but the zeal for souls was burning like a flame within me. My wife, a dear, earnest Christian woman, shared with me my burning desire for the salvation of others. My experiences were many from the time I first knew

Christ until I knew Him more abundantly. Many a night, after the wife and babies were sound asleep, I spent searching the Word of God in prayer, because I realised in it "the power of God unto salvation." Then a few hours' rest, and to the day's work again. Thus year after year for five years the windows of Heaven gradually opened to me wider and wider.

Two little children had come to bless our home. A little girl, now nearly four years old, and the baby, just past a year. We were busily engaged in work. Babies and wife always went to meeting. We had a mile to walk to the Meeting-House, but we never missed. It was the set rule of our life to be "on time," and never did the meeting gather when our places were found vacant, for sickness had not troubled our family up to that time.

I feel that it would be well if I were to give some little account of how the Lord called me out. I was yet at school, when He spoke to me. My heart answered to the call. It was during a meeting held by a Campbellite preacher,—Christians they call themselves, but are better known to us as Campbellites. Whilst sitting in meeting that Saturday evening, the Word of God was logically laid before us. I could not deny it! I went home fearfully disturbed; desolation seemed to reign supreme in my whole soul. I realised that without God I was nothing, and in this realisation I sought Him. I remember as well now as though it were but yesterday, the little dark room, in which there was no window, only just large enough for my bed

and myself, and I had to climb into bed and close the door afterwards. There in utter desperation I poured out my soul to God. There was no relief, and finally, weary and tired, I opened my mouth, and said, "Lord, I have done all I can do ; if I am to be saved, Thou must do it !" At that moment it was done ! It may not be real, but I saw it as though it were real. The whole room seemed to be lighted up full of glory. A peace came into my soul that I had never before understood, and from that moment it has been ever made plainer and plainer. Not that there have been no dark periods, but always beyond there is brighter glory.

Years after this, as I was sitting alone one evening in our drawing room, with one child asleep in my arms and the other in the cradle near by, I was glancing over "The Christian Worker," the paper of the Society of Friends in America at that time, and I noticed a little account in the paper which stated that there was a Matron wanted in the Mission Home at Douglas Island, Alaska. It seemed to burn into my soul like fire, but what was that to me ? Had not I determined to go with God anywhere, and had I not also felt that it was India where I must go ? Why should this burn in my heart like this ? Nevertheless it was there. I laid the paper aside, and in prayer laid the matter before God. The children were restless and disturbed me, every now and then my attention having to be given to them, but all the while there was that thing burning in my soul. It had been like a far-away dream

that some time, in some distant future, I might perhaps be permitted by the grace of God to see India, or it might possibly be the interior of Africa, for I had a sort of consciousness that there were many workers who were willing to go to easy places, but to the hard places, the out-of-the-way places, where men's lives were in danger, where no one else would go, would be my field ! and there I was willing to go ! And what could be harder than the heart of India or darkest Africa ?

These were some of the thoughts that were passing through my mind at this time. They had been rooted in me from the beginning as a sort of sacrifice, unworthy it might be, yet it would be willingly rendered to Him Who had given Himself for me. I would be glad at any cost to yield up all I had, or ever expected to be, for Him, and now there was before me just a short note, a few words, a notice, —“We want a Matron. Our Mission is in need. Correspond with the Secretary.”

But what would that all mean to me ? My wife and myself were both young, and what should we do with our children ? The wife was not at home. We had Church work at home to do. For several years we had tried to preach the Gospel simply and earnestly, as we knew how. We had seen much result from our little service at our home, and now this seemed to burn into that service, to consume it utterly. What could we do ? We could not go to the Mission Field, and besides that, had we not a beautiful home ? Was it not our own ? Had we not laboured and toiled for it ? Had we not spent

sleepless nights to get it? And had not the Lord blessed it with these children, dear little blue-eyed girls, with golden curls hanging down over their shoulders? Could we take them into a far-off field amongst savages? Would it be right to go without them? No! God had given them to us; He meant us to have them. And now, why should we be called? Were there not many who had no children, who had really no home? Could they not go? Why must we give up our well-appointed home, and take our little children at the risk of their lives away to some distant land?

And thus the night wore on! Thoughts upon thoughts piled themselves into my brain. Weary with thinking, I tried to sleep, but sleep would not come. The Almighty had thrust a dart into my soul, and it would remain. There was no help for it! And oh, how I longed that He might call someone else! This was surely not the call for me now? This could not mean me? For did not the notice say a Matron, and I was not a matron. But somehow He seemed to whisper to me, "It is you I want!" and in the perplexity and fogginess of my vision, I resolved that I would sit down and write a letter to the Secretary and tell him what I felt about the matter, and ask him what was wanted, and for more information in general. And so I wrote. In three days an answer came to my letter. It stated that the Secretaries had been changed, but our letter had been forwarded on. Next day an answer came from the then Secretary, asking us questions and giving us further information, which we

considered and answered as best we could. In the meantime, the Spirit of the Mighty God was at work. My wife was anxious to go. She little dreamed that she ever would be so, but now the real time had come, and instead of darkest India, or blackest Africa, it was the snow-capped peaks of Alaska that held view before our eyes.

We became more anxious to know the ultimate end of this matter. Our souls were burning within us to do something for God. Has it not burned also in the heart of every Christian, as God was appointing him to his field of work, this same longing for fallen humanity? Just to tell the glad tidings of good news, to tell the words that would save men from sorrow, and from trial, and that would give them peace and joy and everlasting glory?

How beautiful it seemed to me in the years after when I found how He had led me. As I sat on the snow-clad shores of the islands of the sea in far-away Alaska, I saw an illustration of what God had done to me! I saw an eagle as she soared round and round, above tree tops, with her heart intent upon the little nestlings in the nest. She had built her nest on one of the topmost boughs of a high spruce tree. There she had reared her young. They were now almost full-fledged, and would soon be ready to fly; but they were eagles just the same. Their mother would teach them to fly. As I sat upon a large stone and watched, hours passed by, while the lesson was being driven into my heart.

A young eaglet stood upon the rim of the nest. His mother coaxed and apparently begged in order

to get him out. He would not come. She would stand by the side of him, and swoop suddenly down from the nest. I can see her yet. But the eaglet stayed in his place. Once or twice I saw him dip his head, as though he were going to try, but no, his courage failed him. Again came the mother back to the nest, and again she plucked at him, but no, he would not try. Fear was his conqueror. And again she sailed high above, shrieking and calling. He, though seeming wonderfully disturbed, could not move from his perch. Suddenly I saw her literally swoop down upon him and lift him up by the back, and carry him out from the nest; away over the sea she took him, and there suddenly let him go. Flapping his wings as best he could, he circled round, sailed about; then becoming frightened, he turned over and over and over again, and then gathering himself together, he sailed away on a smooth, sweet wing; but he then evidently lost his head, and down, down, he came, head first, then over on his back, and was all but in the water when beneath him smoothly glided the parent bird. He rested on her back; away to the nest she flew; leaving him safely in his home, she sat down upon a bough near by, and shrieked and screamed as though she had performed a wonderful feat. She then took another from the nest, and began teaching him to fly. I watched her, and after a while, at the second attempt, each was able to return to the nest in safety unaided.

Thus had not God also taken us? Was He not now pleading with us, and shaking us out of our

feathery nest, declaring that He was able to keep us at all times, and would watch over us in case we fell ? and would He not keep our feet from stumbling, and bear us up in His Hand, and would He not care for us to the end ? Thus it was, and we have proved Him faithful. How well we know it ! We are now far more ready to venture since we have proved Him and found Him true.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

THE long journey to Alaska was not without its difficulties and dangers, and our faith was sorely tried. We had not long started from our home when our eldest little girl was taken ill with diphtheria, and died within a few hours. Our bereaved hearts longed to return to our friends and relatives ; but the Lord's voice still said "Go forward," and we could not but obey.

My dear wife, the baby and myself, all took the complaint later on, but we felt compelled to hurry forward, and the Lord graciously preserved our lives, and provided us with friends and the necessities to meet the emergencies of the case. At one stage on our journey we were forced to stay longer than we expected, and our funds gave out. We knew not what to do, save to go to the Lord in prayer. I felt constrained to take a walk, and whilst thus engaged I was accosted by a gentleman, an entire stranger, who, after conversing with me for a while, said that the Lord had laid it upon his heart that morning to go out to the wharf, and give to a gentleman that he should meet there a ten dollar note, he believed me to be that man.

Upon my relating the circumstances of my case, we both felt assured that it was the Lord's doing, and praised Him for His wonderful guidance, and providing care.

I shall never forget the beauty of the scenery through which we passed, in the long narrow channels of the Alaskan route. The way from Seattle to Alaska is continuously skirted by small islands, leaving the narrow channels of still water between them. Through these we wended our way slowly but surely northward. The great towering mountains rising directly from the sea-shore, with their billow-lashed bases and snow-capped peaks, stood in bold relief against the blue sky. The waters still as a river lay calmly between ; only the ripple caused by the motion of a vessel marred the face of the placid waters. You could stand on the bow of the ship and see your own reflection in the water beneath you. Everlasting green at the foot of all the mountains only enhanced the picture, and made it more grand, more glorious as you beheld the varied colours from the blue sea to the white above.

In and out through these passages, scaring into flight the millions of ducks and various water-fowl, chasing now and then the herd of porpoise which played around the vessel, we glided out into Queen Charlotte Sound. There, for the first time, we saw the sun dipping his head into the watery grave of the Pacific Ocean. We stood on the deck as long as we could, but rolling waves are not always compatible with one's feelings. Many

of the passengers had already retired to their rooms. We also felt constrained to go. The weather was fair and bright. Such lovely colouring, to be deserted because of the rebellious sea. Four hours and it is all over. Calm reigns again. No more rough sea, and one bright morning we could see in the distance the smoke crawling up from great chimneys. It was "The mines"; we had been looking for them for days. They were not an unwelcome sight to us though we had never seen them before. This was the end of our journey, here was to be our home and our work, for five years at least. We had heard such dreadful stories of a fearful takou in which the storms spend their fury; we were nearing the place now,—our fears were considerably raised, as now and again they would tell us they did not know how it would be, but we might find it all right, or it might be rough. We dreamed of shipwrecks and a watery grave, of all kinds of horrors. Now the place was actually in sight. It was about eight miles only from shore to shore, a place where five ways met, big watery ways they were, and the tides came in from all directions. They went out in the same way as they came, often causing tide rips, and in times of heavy wind they became very dangerous. The Unseen had drawn back the curtains of Heaven and the sun shone out brightly, and we could see clearly in the distance the city for which we were bound. We were now at the end of Douglas Island, on which it stood. It is not very large, but upon it stands towering far into the heavens the central peak known as Jumbo; its

rugged heights and snow-covered top make it look like a hoary giant. The city lies just at its feet, against the North side. The stone in that vicinity is filled with the yellow metal that turns men's heads and makes brute beasts out of that which once was in the likeness of God. Here in great prosperity stood the world-renowned mines, worked by the Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Company. It is not an old plant, but exceeding large. It had begun with a very small beginning, and was now worth many millions. At one time the locator of these mines sold them for twenty-five dollars. The rock does not contain any great amount of gold, only averaging about a dollar and eighty-five to ninety cents a ton, which necessitates the handling of great quantities of rock, requiring much machinery and many men. Here are congregated about two thousand whites and some six hundred Indians, all for the purpose of working in the mines.

The country round about is very mountainous ; the island lies just about one and a half miles from the mainland, a narrow channel separating it at most times ; for at one end of the island there is a bar of sand which has been left by a receding glacier, and when the tide is low this sand is dry and one can walk to the mainland. In the neighbouring islands there is much wild game, such as deer, bear, porcupine, ground hogs, and grouse. Wild geese and ducks frequent every bay and inlet on the coast. As you stand on the shore at Douglas City and look toward the mainland, the mountains tower high above you, and the green on the side makes one feel

as though some rising cloud was just about to drench the earth in another flood ; but on lifting the eyes higher, the clear blue sky is in evidence.

Of all countries on the face of the earth, this one appears to be a paradise ; not in climate, but in beauty and grandeur. The azure blue is pierced by towering, snow-capped peaks ; ponderous glaciers fill the hollows of the mountains. There, in rocky canyons, where the dashing, tortured water tumbles down, for hundreds of feet, you may catch the rainbow in the spray. There the water ousel stoops to drink, and bathes itself in the rushing torrent ; the alder raises its leafy bough and shoots forth buds for the ptarmigans' food ; and there the clumsy bear, in his sleepy solitude, rests undisturbed through the long winter night. One can stand in the valley and look for thousands of feet directly up the rocky steeps. Almost sheer walls, with here and there a little ledge protruding upon which a tree has obtained a roothold, and stands against the ravages of time. Fascinating indeed ! A land of midnight glory, where the summer sun seems to vie with the aurora of the cold winter nights. The forests full of wildness, where the native once abode in undisturbed heathenism.

As we entered the country, our hearts were full of fears. We did not know how wild these untamed men of the forests might be, and more than that, we were led to believe that the whites who had gone there to work the mines, were even worse than the Indians. From the Indians we might not receive injury, yet these miners might be our destruction.



DOUGLAS CITY, DOUGLAS ISLAND, ALASKA.

Among them were said to be men who did not care for law and had no respect for Christianity ; that it would be very dangerous for anyone to enter in among them. We went trembling and fearful. Some very questionable things had happened in that country.

Our first reception took away our fears, for we were met at the steamer, and our trunks were actually taken upon the trains belonging to the Mining Company and placed almost at the entrance of our home. I shall never forget the advice that was given me on one occasion by a dear old friend of ours who was the stay of our meeting at home, when others were fearful and fretting because we were going among these miners. He said in his wise way, "Remember one thing, Friend Charles, if thou wilt behave thyself as a man, thou wilt find the man in others !" I have not forgotten it, and in this far off land it has proved true.

Our home in Alaska was at the town called Douglas, which is on Douglas Island, about 900 miles north of Seattle, Washington.

Douglas Island is about twenty miles long, and about eight miles wide. The mines lie about half-way down the northern side. A sort of railway is laid along the mountain near the shore, on which they run small engines, hauling back and forth such things as are needed by the works. The mills are mostly propelled by water, though they have engines to take the place of water when it is scarce, or when the frost comes. To secure the water necessary, they have made an aqueduct, some

seventeen miles long, around the mountain far up from the shore. They gather water from all along the north side of this island, and from the aqueduct to the mills there is a fall of six hundred feet, which yields enormous power to propel the mighty machinery that crushes the stone.

These mills are fed with the quartz quarried out of the mountain side. The ledge of rock is about four hundred feet deep, running almost parallel with the coast line. The full length of it has never been discovered. This quartz is taken up out of the mines and broken by heavy machinery, called crushers ; after that it is taken and run through under large heavy steel shafts, which weigh over a ton, and are lifted about fourteen inches, and let fall upon the rock, crushing it to powder. In this rock and all through it are very fine particles of gold. It also carries many sulphurets. These are caught upon rubber belts, while the sand is washed away into the sea. This sulphur in turn is roasted with fire and then is put through a chemical process in which the gold is dissolved and the rest likewise cast into the sea. Anyone looking at this rock and not knowing what real gold is, would naturally think it was full of gold, it looks so like it.

I distinctly remember a story which illustrates the proverb, "All is not gold that glitters." Alaska being so very beautiful a country, many tourists are found visiting its different places of interest throughout the summer season. On one occasion which I have in mind, the steamer *Queen* had come in from

Seattle with about 200 tourists, and the Treadwell Mines were always one of the places visited by them. Most of them had already gone to see the Mines, when I noticed an elderly woman, who was lingering behind the general crowd with a young man who seemed to be a relation. There were many pieces of this quartz scattered about, some as large as a person's head, some smaller. On this particular occasion there was one fine large piece lying on the wharf. Perhaps it might have weighed 25 lbs. Although full of sulphurets, it was a very beautiful looking specimen, and to an inexperienced eye might be thought to be nearly all gold.

I was standing talking with some Indians, when I noticed the woman get between me and that piece of rock. She seemed to linger about it, and to be looking it over. The young man also turned it over. The woman wore a large shawl folded. She stooped down and the shawl seemed to cover the rock. I saw what she meant to do. She wanted that for herself, but how to get it without being seen was the question. She was in plain view of everybody. She then came over and talked to the Indians awhile, and then lingered around the rock again, until finally the young man went off to the mines and left her alone with her rock. I was determined to see how it would end. I turned away for a moment; she seized the opportunity, and the rock was gone; I saw her going for the steamer. She walked rather awkwardly, stooping somewhat, but I could see from my position, as she went up the gang-way that she had that rock rolled in her

shawl. She took it and carefully tucked it away I suppose, for she did not make her appearance again until the steamer was gone. Had she asked for it she would have been given as much as she liked of the stone ; for within a reasonable guess she might perhaps have succeeded in getting a half cent's worth of gold out of the whole stone, if she got every bit that was in it. No doubt in her fondest dreams, she considered herself exceedingly wealthy.

But the worst of it all was, that she gave a very bad impression to the natives who were also watching her movements ; and afterwards employed somewhat the same method to obtain the object of their desires, and they also felt that all white people were like this one. But culture is not honesty, for however nice one may appear at home, and however honest he may be under law, it does not prove he is not a thief. The real self is only visible when all restraint is taken away. Really, a man is no better than what he is at his weakest moments.

CHAPTER III.

FRIENDS' MISSION ON DOUGLAS ISLAND.

AS before stated, among the people living in Douglas, there are about 600 Indians. These are not of any special tribe, but representatives of all tribes from all parts of the country. They have been drawn thither by work; they have brought their families with them, and for their benefit a Mission has been established to educate their children, and to teach these poor dusky men of the forest the way of eternal life.

Over this mission my wife and I were appointed, she as matron and myself as superintendent. The matron was to mother a house full of Indian children (numbering twenty-six), who were to be taught English and house-keeping, and everything necessary to a well regulated family. The superintendent was the preacher, the doctor, the mechanic, and whatever else was required at the Home. Originally it was simply a station for the preaching of the gospel; it was established in 1886 by a direct call of God to E. W. Wiesner, of Kansas Yearly Meeting of Friends, and William Francis Bangham, of Wilmington Yearly Meeting—who going to Alaska, decided upon this place as the one

for their future work. It is true that in the General Conference of Mission Boards, held in New York after the purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867, the different denominations had been allotted certain portions of Alaska, in which they were expected to do their special work. This south-eastern portion had been allotted to the Presbyterian Home Mission Board. Friends had not been represented at this conference. These friends in particular did not know of this special allotment, they felt directly called, and led of the Spirit to this place; which was not really occupied; here they settled and began a school. The beginning was slow; but gradually, the warmth of unconquerable love began to be manifest. Their home was built of logs cut from trees on the ground where the buildings were erected; but these were soon consumed and not even a tree left for fuel nearer than one-half to three-quarters of a mile away. As the mission grew the lumber for building the larger buildings had to be carried upon men's backs for long distances; this being the only way it could be delivered. There were so many orphan children that needed to be cared for, fathers and mothers having died, leaving them in destitution, suffering and filth. No one seemed to care for them, and often they had to find their food with the dogs of the village. The hearts of the missionaries were stirred to their depths. There must be room found in the Mission Home, for some of them at least. Thus a home for children was established, which soon grew to greater proportions. Our dear friends, Wiesner and Bang-

ham, soon gave up their work into the hands of Silas and Anna Moon, though Elwood Wiesner continued with them for some time after this. Charles Edwards was sent in 1889, and for two years was superintendent with Anna and Silas Moon. He then took the Government school at Kaak village, some 110 miles south, of which I shall have more to say later on. After him, Dr. James E. Connett was appointed as superintendent, and for two years occupied this position immediately preceding our appointment.

The mission had grown from a little log building, 10ft. by 12ft., to the large two storied T shaped building; the main part being 20ft. by 40ft., the other part 16ft. by 20 ft., in which the native children lived.

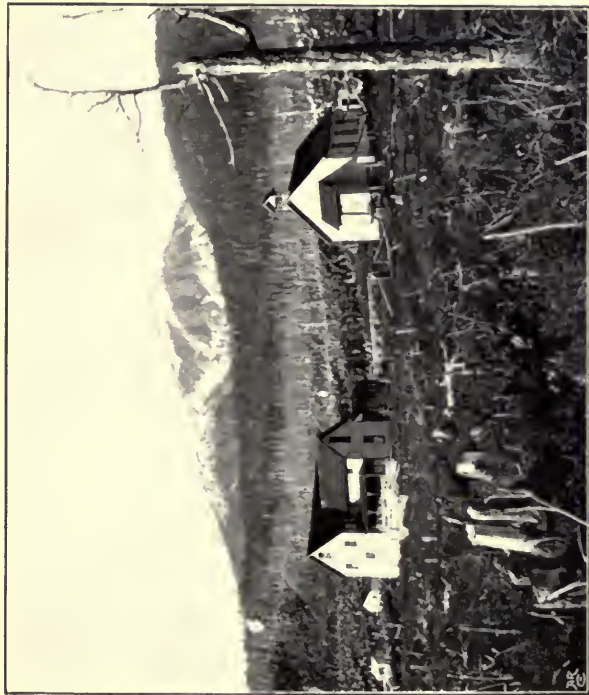
The mission seemed to have been beset with difficulties from the very beginning. It was no sooner established than a prospector, an Englishman by birth, insisted that it was located upon his mining claim, and for many years he menaced the rising mission, but afterwards he became converted and has now gone home to glory. The townspeople stood by the missionaries and saved them from being thrust off the ground; and many times and in many ways the miners have manifested their sympathy in a substantial manner.

The mission, also, had internal difficulties. The workers, otherwise true and honest at heart, could not always see things alike; which led to much friction and sometimes hard feelings. Troubled waters are not apt to be conducive to smooth sailing.

The natives, ever ready to take advantage, used every opportunity to get all that they could out of the mission. They seemed to have the idea that the mission was for the purpose of giving them everything that they wanted, that as the gospel was free, so also was the money and everything connected with the mission work; their children were to be educated free, which, of course, they thought was splendid, and they themselves could come and board at the mission as much as they liked; frequently they would appear in time for a six o'clock breakfast, and then in turn abuse the missionaries with everything their tongue could say. They had learned to expect everything and return nothing. Their gratitude had not been cultivated; they did not in fact know what gratitude meant; they put their children in the Mission Home until they could learn to speak English for financial reasons, being relieved of the burden of their support they could make better bargains for their girls. It made the girls more marketable and their boys more expert in cunning and craftiness.

It was not the fault of the missionary, that he could not foresee all these things. Like many other things, it was but an experiment, and we entered into the work to make the best of it if possible.

The children were taken in for a term, of some two, some four, some six years. At the expiration of their term they were allowed to return to their people. The hope of the missionary was that during this time there might have been implanted and instilled into these young hearts some



FRIENDS' MISSION HOME AND SCHOOL, DOUGLAS CITY.

of the everlasting truths of the gospel. The fondest hope that had been realised so far, was that some day this seed, thus planted, would bear fruit in the salvation of their souls.

Thus we found it. As we entered into the Home we were greeted with the smiling brown faces of the little Indian children, ranging from five to fourteen years of age. They were governed on the old plan of strap and ferule, which was thought to be required on the least provocation. On our first day at the Mission Home, the biggest girl in the mission who was fourteen years old, was whipped with a strap, carried in the pocket of one of the officers of the Mission for that purpose.

All the doors were under lock and key; the superintendent and matron each had a bunch of keys at their belt or in their pocket; the forbidden places were all locked. This made the children crafty and deceitful, but submissive. I found them very kind to one another, very true to each other, for if one was in mischief all the children knew it, and yet you would not find it out. Every Indian child deemed it his honour to keep the secrets of the rest, and try how you would, you could not get one to tell on another.

We studied the question considerably. It was a hard problem. What should we do? Our duty was to take these children and train them for God; to bring them up so that they would be honest, straightforward citizens, true to God and true to humanity, but what could we do with this sneaking, thievish set of children that we

had before us ? We had not only the children to deal with but the parents as well. We must also provide food and clothing, and in addition provide fuel, which was a very great need in that country.

The only fuel that we had was the soft pine wood trees of the forest, growing on the mountain sides. This had to be cut, and carried on our backs for long distances in summer ; but in winter we could make a trail in the snow, and by driving an iron pin into one end of the log and fastening a rope to this, passing the other end of the rope over our shoulders, so as to pull with all the strength we had, we were enabled to drag the peeled logs down the mountain side. It is surprising what a beast of burden a man can be if only he has the proper training.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIANS AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

OUR work lay very plainly before us. We could not neglect the white people, although our primary object was with the Indian.

Scattered all about throughout the country are little groups of miners working away at some new prospect. They needed to be visited ; the Word of Everlasting Life must be given to them also. They were a people of our own race and colour ; many of them had come from the same country. There were men gathered here from every country under the sun. Many of them could speak our language only brokenly, still they needed the Gospel ; and to reach these often required the crossing of long stretches of rough sea, and a steep, hard climb through the mountains. On one occasion in particular, we went about five miles across the water to a camp on the mainland, to a group of mines known as the " Glacier Mines." Located about 2,000 feet above the beautiful valley of Sheep Creek Basin, where the only way to reach them was a sheer climb up the mountain side, by a zigzag mountain pathway, over which the avalanches tumble in their wild rush for the valley beneath. Up this difficult path, had been carried, on men's backs, the lumber and timbers for the mines ; enough

wood also to build a boarding house for the miners, in which they lived : up this same way came all the iron and steel used in mining ; even the wheel barrows, were all carried up this smooth, worn path.

It was comparatively easy to ascend with no load. Our party consisted of my wife, myself, and a few friends. After two hours of hard climbing we reached the top. We had some service with the miners, and left them some books. Our party was very tired, it had been a long, hard climb. The people at the boarding house gave us a good meal, and after an hour and a half we started down again.

I really believe it is easier to climb up hill than to go down, it seems to try every muscle to its utmost to keep from going too fast. And this trip we shall ever remember ; before this we had scarcely known sickness, but from that time, the dear faithful wife has not known what it is to be really strong.

We were crossing one of the numerous rock slides, over which our path led, when, my wife, placing her shoe heel into the loose stones to check herself, the stones gave way, and she, losing her balance, fell down. This loosened a great avalanche of stones which carried her before it on and on toward the precipice just beneath. I ran across the slide to try to save her but was too late, and closed my eyes expecting the worst, only daring to lift up a feeble prayer, when to my surprise, not six feet from the edge of the chasm, she succeeded in stopping herself, while tons of loose stones rolled over into the chasm below.

Like dangers face the miner every day, and many lose their lives in such places. And again they must blast away the rocks with dynamite or giant powder, which is used in sticks, and comes frozen ; before they can use it they must thaw it. They usually carry it some distance away to thaw it out, then carry it back thawed and ready for use.

At the Treadwell Mine, about a mile from our home, they had such a thawing place far up on the hillside above everything else. It had something like a ton of giant powder in it ; there was but one man about the place ; at that time one man thawed powder through the day, and one man through the night.

When they were ready to use the powder in the mine, they sent a man up to the house after it. It so happened that about two o'clock one night, the man had gone for powder, and had returned but twenty minutes when it seemed that the whole island shook. People who were in their beds were almost turned out. Bottles and canned fruit upon the shelves of the stores a mile away were thrown in one mass on to the floor. Windows fell out, broken into thousands of pieces. A terrific roar told the tale. Mountains echoed back from one to the other, as if they said, " I told you so ! " The windows in the city three miles across the water were broken out, so terrific was the explosion. How it happened no one knows, or ever will know. A great hole in the rocks indicated the place where the powder house stood. The logs of which the house was built were nothing

but fuzz hanging on the limbs of distant trees ; and of the man, after two days search, there was not enough found to fill a common baking powder box !

The miners are not protected as they should be. There is no mine inspector. There is no one to say what the company shall do for these men. Therefore they work constantly seven days in the week, there being only two Sundays observed here during the year, one the 4th July and the other Christmas. The mines are working seven days in the week, night and day, constantly.

Neither are men protected from the accursed drink traffic. There was a law prohibiting the sale of any intoxicating liquor, but it was not observed, for there were open saloons everywhere.

The keeper of these saloons was taken up about once a year as a usual thing, and fined 100 dollars, and then went back to his business again. He usually pleaded guilty and paid his fine without trial. But it was a difficult matter to get his liquor to sell, for there were Customs officers at every town. No whiskey could be unloaded without great possibility of being captured, therefore smuggling became a business of itself. Many went over into British Columbia, and bought the liquor, smuggled it through in small boats, through the various channels among the small islands, evading the Customs officers and finally getting it to its destination by night. This required great exposure and often danger to life. It was taken at great risks, and some became desperate, until they were dangerous to anyone that would interfere with their traffic.

After a while the Government was persuaded to repeal the prohibition laws, and instead, give us a law of high licence, which in an ordinary town, required the saloon keeper to pay a thousand dollars a year for the privilege of damning men's souls. This was thought to be better, for there were not so many law breakers. The saloon keeper became a respectable citizen; before, he could not hold a public office. Now he became one of the first men of the town. We saw more drunkenness the first day after the high licence system was inaugurated than had been seen in the five years previous to this in Alaska. Men now paid dearly to make a drunkard and they must make so many more, in order to get their money back. The sign of their business was to be seen in every street. Walking samples, all about the place, that should have been men and women, for almost every one of these places not only sold liquor, but imported that worse thing, *degraded womanhood*, and these like leeches sucked the blood and hard-earned cash of the weary toiler.

There were ample laws to meet these cases, but not sufficient public opinion to enforce them.

There was another condition which needs mention, viz.: the laws concerning the Indians. The Indian had no rights as a citizen, for was he not a vassal of the Government? He had been purchased from Russia with the rest of the country, and now he was but a native and not a citizen, and in that case any improvement or any mining location for him could not be maintained in court. It was some

years before this was remedied, but now it can be thankfully said to be better. It sometimes happened that a mining claim would be located for no other purpose than to hold the surface rights on which to build a town. If the Indians occupied the land, their rights were ignored and the company would claim all the rights to the surface grounds ; have a patent issued, declaring the ground unoccupied, and then maliciously force the Indians to pay rent or tear down their poor cabins and move elsewhere. This so happened in our very town. We will not discuss the rights or the details of the case, but it is sufficient to say that the company respects but little the rights of the Indians ; although the courts generally regard equality and justice, when the Indian has sufficient money to go to law. We had fair-minded judges ; and on the whole we had very fair men, from most of whom the native received a coarse justice.

The origin of the native is shrouded in the misty veil of the traditions of their past. There is much reason to believe they originally came from the Continent of Asia. They have a well defined story of the Flood ; they can tell you, each tribe can point out the place, the high mountain on which the remnant of the tribe was saved at the time the world was overflowed with water, and they have a very vivid characteristic story in which they tell how the last man and his family was driven to the top of the highest peak, and there escaped the water, and afterwards were unable to get down until they should make a rope twisted of grass, and

foot by foot lengthen it till they could finally reach the shore beneath. Some of their words are corruptions of the old Hebrew language. They have a story of the Tower of Babel, changed somewhat from the Bible story, but yet recognisable. One would readily see the likeness between the two. Also a story of the beginning of the world, but in it we could scarcely recognise any of the history according to Scripture. There is another peculiarity about these Klingit Indians, there being just twelve tribes of them speaking the same language. They are distinctly different from any others. They have the eyes of a Japanese or very much the same, the colour of their skin also resembles the Jap. They are a low, rather strongly built people, the men in particular ; perhaps averaging five feet six inches. They might be taller but for their bow legs. Their constant travelling in canoes has caused this. Their women are spare, until they reach the age of perhaps thirty-five, when generally speaking, as they grow older, they grow heavier ; until some of them will weigh as much as 350 lbs. Their language is not written, neither do they have characters to represent it, and in order to learn it, one must get it only by ear. It seems to be a mixture of many languages : it is very guttural. With our alphabet many of the words cannot be spelt. There have been several attempts made to reduce it to writing, but it would hardly be worth while, as there are not more than about 3,000 of this tribe at present, and the Government has established schools among them in which English is taught.

As a people, they have their own laws and regulations : nothing is written : everything is handed down from father to son. It is the duty of the old men of the tribe to sit down and repeat to the young men the history and the laws by which they are governed.

They have in the midst of them a headman or chief. Also a miserable thievish individual known as an Indian doctor. This man is thought to be in league with the evil spirits, and has control over them, and can discern witches and disease. He very often exercises more authority in the tribe than the chief, though he is looked upon with dread, and no one particularly loves him ; and in turn they all fear him, for who knows that he will not say a man has been bewitched by you ? He is constantly kept at bay with fees and sacrifices. He has nothing to do or say in the administration of the law, he deals in Spirits. In case of a murder, it is "an eye for an eye," and "a tooth for a tooth," but "the eye for an eye" is rather peculiarly enforced. If an old man and a young man should get into a quarrel, and the old man should kill the young man (they being of different tribes)—instead of the opposite tribe taking and killing the old man in return, they will choose a relative of this old man about the age of the young man that he killed, of the same standing, physically and socially, and take his life instead of that of the old man.

A man, having taken his two wives (for they are polygamists), and gone out hunting, manufactured a sort of intoxicating liquor, they call it Hoochinoo,

and drank sufficient to make him utterly insane (for Indians get as crazy as white men when they get too much whiskey). In this drunken spree the man murdered both his wives ; coming into the village he gave himself up to the authorities and was put in jail. He belonged to one tribe, his wives to another. The tribe to which his wives belonged demanded that he should be given up. His own people tried to deliver him up, but could not, he being in jail. Then the opposite tribe chose two women, high in authority, from his tribe, and demanded their lives in return for those killed. These were refused, on the ground that they were willing the man should die for his own sin ; but neither tribe could get at him. This led to long disputings, and finally to manifestation of war. They all had practically become Christianised, but like many of the Christians among our white brethren, they had not learned that it was wrong to fight ; many of them deemed it honourable to go to war, and now they thirsted for revenge. Though it was against the law to sell them rifles, yet each Indian carried a Winchester and was anxiously waiting for the fray. Their passions were rising continually : they were taunting one another. One was demanding the prisoner or two women in his stead ; the others refusing the women and telling them to go and get the prisoner ; this they could not do. The one side was full of threatenings, the other was declaring its purpose to stand it out. They drew up in line of battle. The head man of each village was present on his own side : now and again there

were exchange of rifle shots over each others' heads, rather as a temptation to draw the other on to be the first aggressor ; this continued all the afternoon.

We went to see them and tried to persuade them that it was not Christianlike, neither was it right for them to be acting like this. They were angrily walking to and fro, like infuriated beasts. Scarcely any words were being said between them. Shots were becoming more frequent. The balls were whistling a little closer to our heads. It was evident some one a little more careless than the others or, perhaps, a little less conscious of the results, would shoot too low, and thus precipitate a general bloody fray. As oftentimes you see two young men, one daring the other to strike the first blow, so these likewise were apparently daring each other to be the aggressor. We walked to and fro between them, their ranks being some yards apart. There was an angry scowl over their faces : a missionary had tried to quell them before, but they would not hear him. They said white people had counted it honourable to fight with Spain to cause her to stop her murders in Cuba, and now they had a right to fight on the same principle. As we walked from one end of the lines to the other, the whizz of the rifle balls came very near our heads. Still on and on we went, talking when we could and telling them of the peace on earth and goodwill to men ; how that as Christians they should not do these things.

At first they only became more angry, and threat-

ened to shoot us if we still persisted in talking to them. But we could not feel it right to go. We thought it best that if the worst must come, we had better go down with them. At the end of two of the longest and most trying hours one of the chiefs stepped forward, declaring himself to be a Christian and in favour of peace. He threw down his gun with such force that it broke the stock. Immediately, the chief from the opposite side stepped forward and piled his gun on the top. They shook hands and each chief in turn made a long speech to his people, telling them that they were Christians, that it was wrong to fight, and that they could believe this man who had been talking to them for two hours, for he had always said that it was wrong to go to war, but they could not believe those who told them before that war was honourable. They did not care for that kind of religion. They wanted that which taught them to love their brethren, and as they talked, the stack of arms grew higher, until there were fifty rifles piled up between the two ranks. As night stole on there was, instead of war, a blazing fire and a kettle over it full of soup for a general feast; shaking of hands and goodwill. The prisoner was left for the law to take its course.

When the wife dies the husband retains all her possessions except the children. It is their law that in case the husband dies, everything the widow has left, is taken from her by her husband's brothers, and the children are left for her to support, alone and empty handed. There are cases where they have taken the last dress the woman had, leaving her

none to wear, she only having a blanket to wrap herself in, and perhaps a large family of children : being thus left in destitution and poverty, with no means by which she can support so large a family. It becomes the duty, according to their law, for the husband's brother to marry the widow. In cases where all of the brothers are already married, and do not want such large families, this widow is left to support her family alone ; how can she do it ? There is no way by which she can make a living for them. She tries fishing, and washing, and basket-making, which are all very meagre in their returns, and then as a last resource sells her integrity for the sake of enough to fill the mouths of her children, and having once gone down, she does not care.

While there are twelve tribes, there are only two families, known as the ravens and eagles. It is supposed that these ravens are the offspring of the Creator of the earth, and that the eagles have conquered the earth. According to their history the raven created the world ; this raven (or yilk as they call him) also represents the evil spirit. Although they believe there is a good spirit, yet the evil spirit is in supreme power to-day. The father must be either a raven and the mother an eagle, or *vice versâ* ; all eagles are brothers and sisters, all ravens are brothers and sisters ; therefore an eagle must marry a raven and a raven an eagle. If the mother be a raven, the children are ravens : if she be an eagle, the children are eagles. They have long stories of the history and progress of the world's kingdoms even until now. These are in the form of traditions

told and repeated to each other in the evenings of their feasts and of their common gatherings.

Their history is very well kept. Their "totem poles" are simply historical records set up in front of their dwellings to record the principal events of that particular household. It has been said that they worship these, because upon them are carved the figures of bears and wolves and fish, and other characters representative of their tribes, and at the bottom of these poles they put the ashes of their dead, after the body has been burnt. This pole is made from the tree of the forest, cunningly carved, characteristic of the native of the country.

To those who have said that the Indian worships these things, we might in turn say, that the white man also has his totem pole. As we ride along through the country, and come to a nice little hill-side green, dotted all over with tall, white, polished marble stones : we call them tombstones. The Indian in travelling through this country, would in turn declare that we worship these things. Others have said these Indians are ancestor worshippers. He likewise would retort—aye, yes, same as you. They have an aptitude of being real in their life, and expect as much of you. If you profess to believe the Bible, they expect you to live like it, and do what it commands. For several years we had believed that the Scripture meant exactly what it said, especially when it said : "He that asketh of thee, turn him not away again empty." Having literally adopted it as our rule and custom, it was now to be put to the test. On walking into a

store one day, I wore a coat which had some very pretty buttons on it. There were a number of Indians in the store. One of them came up to me and was talking away in his own language. I could not understand him, for I had only been there a short time. After the Indian had talked and smiled and pointed to the button on my coat, and looked me in the face, and smiled and smiled again, the storekeeper said :

“Do you know what he wants ?”

I said “No, I don’t understand it.”

He said “He wants that button on your coat : he wants you to give it to him.”

“Oh,” said I, “is that what he wants ?”

“Yes, he’s been trying to make you understand that he wants that button : he thinks it is a very pretty one.”

I said, “He shall have it,” and quietly reached in my pocket, took out my knife, cut the button off and handed it to the Indian. He smiled and bowed and shook hands, and seemed so very thankful. I could not imagine what he wanted with the button, but it was not my business to inquire. He had asked, and according to the Word of the Lord I must give to him.

The storekeeper protested. “Why,” he said, “man, you will give everything you have away. What did you give him the button for ? These men are the greatest beggars you ever saw.”

I told him of my faith in the Scripture. He thought it was rather astonishing that anyone should think as I did, but as time went on, that button became

the key to the Indian's soul. He said to me afterward that he had never met a man that would do that way, and if that was Christianity, he wanted it, and he became a powerful minister for Christ, influenced many of his brethren for good, and I have no doubt but that it all started from the time when he asked for the button and received it. Had I refused it, I doubt not he would have put me down with the rest, covetous and not a Christian.

It also led to our being adopted into the tribe and giving us much more control over the affairs of the people. I was made an Eagle, and to be an Indian I was given an Indian mother who is now nearing the end of a century of life. She always calls me her son. When she accepted the position as my mother, she thought it would be necessary for her to learn to read and write. So she became very faithful at the day school struggling with her A.B.C. The last time I saw her she said, "My son, I shall never see you again on earth, but I shall meet you in heaven;" then added, "Now you must be a good boy wherever you go, and the Lord will bless you."

They named me Dah-is-kah, and my wife Wak-is-teen, and our little boy Dis-ke-a-kah.

CHAPTER V.

MORE ABOUT INDIAN CUSTOMS.

AS far back as the oldest story dates, the Alaska native lived and died in his skin—or bark-covered hut, and dressed himself in the skins of the animal he killed for his food. But when the Hudson Bay Fur Trading Company pushed its way into the far North-West, the English “King George” became the prevailing dress suit. This gradually replaced the skin dress, and skins were exchanged for blankets; besides, furs became more valuable, in fact too valuable for an Indian to wear. Then being deprived of fur he built his house of logs, and chinked it with moss; his outing tent was made of the bark of trees, and of boughs cut from the spruce; this was finally replaced by the regular canvas tent, and the blanket gave way to the ordinary clothing of a citizen of America.

These Indians are a people of very affectionate nature, but most pathetically whimsical. A betrothal among them is very strange. A young man, perhaps passing along the way, sees a girl or a young woman, and falls in love with her. He does not consider the young woman as much as he does her parents. If she has good parents, and wealthy, he thinks the more of her, and he proceeds imme-



ALASKA INDIAN IN DANCING COSTUME.

diately to woo her ; but she is usually very shy. They never shake hands when they meet, not even father and son, even when they have been absent for years. But when they come together, they simply sit down and look at each other, or at the ground, for a long time ; then finally, the silence is broken and language flows freely, and others join. So in courtship, the young man does not speak to the young lady. He passes her by. He looks her way, but she does not see him. He goes a little way and returns. This time he passes a little closer to her, but she still does not see him ; he looks and hesitates, and passes on. It may be in a few days he passes her again : she is expecting him now. She sits out at this same place, but she does not look up when he comes, and so he passes by ; but when he is gone, if he will look behind him, he will see her eyes following him closely. She understands what is coming, and as he passes her again he speaks to her, but she does not look up. He goes to her mother, and he tells her that he loves that girl, and he proves his love to the mother by giving her a present : it may be some beautiful coloured handkerchief, or it may be a little piece of tobacco, or it may be a seal's tooth, or almost anything that Indians would value. In a few weeks the courtship becomes so animated that the mother gets beautiful dresses, and the girl begins to get little trinkets, while the father falls in for his share, and by the time the man has made all arrangements to secure his bride, it has cost him from 50 to 300 dollars, according to his ability to pay ;

and the cupidity of the parents. But in some cases, the girl is not willing ; she may be only ten or twelve years of age, her suitor may be fifty or sixty-five. She does not want him. He has a wife, but she is too old to cook for him any more. She cannot take care of him as he likes : he wants a young wife ; he wants a girl to wait upon him, but the girl resents it : her heart has been looking to some young man—but the old man is wealthy ; he may be a sub-chief, or in some official position.

Here is a story from life. The little girl's name was Mary—the old man was about sixty-five. He wanted a young woman. Mary's father was a good Christian man, and her mother was an earnest woman. The old man thought Mary would be obedient : he did not reckon upon the strength of her character. He did not know that it took good material to make a good man and a good woman among Indians. It took good material to keep them from yielding to the sins of their people. This girl was made of the same material as her parents. Still the truest are sometimes overpowered.

The old man came and made his application to the parents for the girl. Mary knew nothing about it. The parents refused in utter disdain : but the Indians are crafty ; so the old man went away as though it was a joke. The next day he returned : he had a beautiful present for Mary's mother, and he gave Mary's father a dollar in silver, and they said, "No, look here, you need not think you are going to get Mary by all these presents. We know what you are after."

"Oh," the old man said, "I don't want Mary; that is all right, of course, if you don't want me to have her." So he went away smiling, and as pleasant as could be.

It was three days before they saw him again, and this time he had a gold bracelet for Mary's mother (such things are worth forty dollars), and he came in and said, "Now, I just want to make you a present of this"; and Mary's mother did not like to take it, but he insisted upon it as a kindness to him, until she accepted it just as a present from him, and he said, "You know I love you all because you are faithful and earnest, and because you would not sell your daughter; and I do this just because I want to be a true Christian like you are." Upon these terms the bracelet was accepted, and the old man went away.

Two weeks had nearly passed when he returned again. This time he brought with him a beautiful black bearskin. It was nicely tanned: it would be worth something like 25 dollars. This was a present again for the mother. It is interesting to listen to the conversation now.

He said, "I thought I'd run over to-day and bring this to you. I oftentimes think of you and wish I could be as you are. I desire to be good very much: I want you to teach me how to be good." The father and mother were completely thrown off their guard; for hours they sat and talked to him about how to be a Christian, to his entire satisfaction. In the meantime Mary sat back in a corner trembling, for something somewhere within her, seemed to tell

her what it all meant. He finally took his departure, declaring he would try to be a Christian.

When he was gone the father and mother sat long together, and they talked it all over and over again. The father said, "He seems to be such a nice man"; the mother said, he is exceedingly kind," and so the conversation went until he was declared to be the ideal of their minds. Some of their neighbours came in. They told of the wonderful goodness of this sub-Chief. They failed to mention the presents, but they told how kind he was.

The next day they met him again. He told them how he had struggled to be a Christian all that night: he believed he was all right now, and that he hoped sometime if they considered him good enough that he might have Mary. Their fears had all been overcome. They were now ready to listen, and he pleaded his case. They could see no objections to it. He urged his suit with the father and mother by a further present of ten dollars. He had sold some bearskins lately, and had obtained some money. The faint shadows of objections which had lingered in their minds, now took their everlasting flight. It would be quite a nice thing, only he must wait for Mary; she was too young yet.

Of course he agreed; and now presents began to come for Mary—little things first, but she flung them in the corner: she'd have nothing to do with such bargaining; she knew that it meant the life of a slave as the wife of this old man; beside that, it was taking from her heart the ideal of her

life, in the form of a certain young man. The old man frequently appeared at the home : the parents talked one with another and with their relatives ; they were all of one mind about it—finally they approached Mary about it. She fairly stamped at the idea : she would not think of it. They brought their relatives all in. Mary must be taught to understand her position, and they all sat down and with one voice began to recount the wonderful deeds, the charity, the love of this old man, how he cared for them, and how he cared for Mary. The relatives all chimed in, each with his eulogy of the old man's character. Mary must listen to it all. They hoped to overcome her prejudices, but Mary was firm. Finally seeing that they could not prevail in this way, her father and mother set her by the fire, and told her that she did not love them ; if she did, she would marry that old man that they might not have to work any more ; for her husband would then keep them, and that because she did not love her parents she refused.

Still Mary was firm ; finally they stamped their feet and said, " Mary must do it."

While they thus pleaded and scolded betimes, the long winter nights had come. Snow was two feet deep on the ground, when who should appear but the old man ; and now he joined in to plead with Mary, but she, thrusting her fingers in her ears, in utter desperation rushed from the house. Like the wild roe she ran to the woods, far up the mountain side ; her parents thought she would soon come

back, but morning came and Mary had not returned. Finally, after a search of three days, her lifeless body was found lying by a stone. Rather than sacrifice her rights, her virtue and her religion, she would meet death, and bravely she did so.

This story is only one of many, which may not end quite in the same way perhaps, as more often the girl is over-persuaded, and finally marries the man only to quarrel and leave him again.

Furthermore, the mother at any time that she desires, especially if the husband does not give her presents enough, can take her daughter away from her husband and compel her to go home with her until her husband pays the required amount ; or should he not do so, she can sell her daughter to another man who is willing to pay.

The women are responsible for the children being true to the tribe. The man is subject to her every particular whim. Any time she desires she may leave him. She can invent almost any sort of story of his cruelty, and on these grounds compel him to pay to her parents almost any sum. Besides, if he does not treat his wife just as she thinks he ought to do, there are plenty of other husbands who will be more likely to do so, so she finds another one, always with the consent, of her mother or her aunt.

The customs of the people are in some instances very hard upon the women ; for example, it is the rule of the tribe that no child shall be born in the house, if it is there will be evil upon that house. The mother must move out for a month ; and so when the baby is expected, they make a booth of

spruce boughs, outside the house, or somewhere in a sheltered place, often out in their camps. There the expecting mother is left alone, food is placed within her reach, sometimes water, oftentimes if it is longer than they expected, everyone leaves her. Now and then an old woman, a sort of doctor among them, will remain with her, but generally not. There she is left to suffer. No one dares to touch her ; and many a poor woman has died with no one by in this most trying time.

Again the woman's work is sometimes very heavy. She must always have her children with her ; she carries her baby on her back. She goes to the forest, and gathers a piece of hemlock bark from the side of a green tree. The natural shape of the bark makes a good bed. In the curved side of this she lays a great deal of dry moss ; over this moss she puts a covering of cloth, some sort of light canvas. She takes the little one and wraps it in a piece of blanket, folds this cloth over its body, stretches its little feet out straight, puts its hands down by its side, and buttons all down tight. The child cannot strike, it cannot kick, and by reason of this it does not cry. This arrangement is very convenient as well ; she can now take the cradle and baby together, hang it over her shoulder or lay it up against the side of a rock when she goes to pick berries ; or lay it in the bottom of a canoe when she goes away fishing ; or better still, when she comes to meeting she can just shove the little fellow under the bench in front of her, and there he can lie and blink at the bottom of the bench until he goes to sleep. She

also very often has to carry her own wood : every day the women can be seen with great bundles of wood on their backs coming down the mountain side. It is also their duty to gather all the berries. And, in conjunction with the old men and children, make the seal grease and fish grease for winter use.

When anyone in the house dies, the women are hired to cry; they paint their faces black with charcoal made from the bark of the hemlock ; then they sit down by the grave and begin to cry, the first tear runs straight down over their cheek, taking away the black as it goes. They turn their heads at an angle, and the next tear makes a new mark and so on. They are paid by the number of marks they can show on their faces. Some receive one, some four blankets, owing to how much sorrow they can manifest for the dead. In justice to them, it should be said, that this custom is dying out.

Once while visiting around among the Indians, I came into a home where there was a sick boy, about four years old. The fever was raging in his little body. The family were stricken with fear ; and one of the relatives, who had been to the school for some time and could talk good English, interpreted for me. She told me how sorry they were that they had lost so many children, and now this one must go. It was a sad case. In prayer to the Almighty God, it became evident to me that the boy could be relieved, and perhaps get well again. Having obtained a great deal of information in medicine from the former superintendent (to whom I am greatly indebted), I said,

"I think that boy can be cured, if you will give the medicine according to my directions."

They promised faithfully they would do so, and all kneeled down in prayer. They told the Lord that someone was sent who could make their boy well. This was putting me in rather a close place, but I believed in the Lord, and went to my duty. Going home, I took a little boy with me, and sent the medicine by him, with full directions, telling them I would follow in a few hours, which I did. When I arrived I found that only one dose of the medicine had been given to the child; he was still delirious, and upon inquiry, I found that an Indian doctor had been there. This one dose had not made the child well, and they had called in their Indian doctor, who refused to give any more medicine, and in the meantime had determined that the child would die; saying he was bewitched, and that he thought he knew who the witch was, having selected a poor reckless, thoughtless girl, who had defied his power; and by his instructions, the parents had gone to the store, purchased sufficient food for a feast, and were preparing the shroud for the child's burial.

This was more than I could stand. I determined to stay by the boy, and prove that what I said was true; that he would get well. I gave him his medicine until well on into the night: finally he opened his eyes, looked intelligent and dropped off into a sound sleep. I sat by him till morning; he awoke; I still continued to give the medicine, and he continued to evidence improvement.

The next morning, as I was sitting by his bedside,

the door flew open, and in came the Indian doctor. Such a hideous sight ! bears' teeth, seals' teeth, rattles of every description, all over his body and head, and a drum in his hand ! He had had a conference with the spirits, he said, and had come now to drive the evil spirit out of this child, and he thought he would get well yet. If he could not get well the witch would have to die. He began his pow-wowing ; beating his drum and rattling the teeth he was decorated with.

The child was frightened, and sat up in bed ; and, alarmed, I ordered the Indian doctor to stop, but he appeared not to hear me, and on my telling him the second time with no better result, I took him by main force and threw him out of the door, and told him to stay out, and he was rather glad to do it, for he was not accustomed to such rough handling (the Indians were all afraid to put their hands on him).

He went about among the people telling them that I would soon die, that there was a spirit that had taken hold of me, and would kill me ; but, as I did not die he lost his power and influence, and afterwards was converted, and is now a very good man, I have reason to believe. The child made a complete recovery.

Soon after this I was away to California for about six weeks. When I returned I visited the people to see how the little boy was doing. He was out playing. I asked them how he was ; they would not speak to me. I thought there was something wrong somewhere in the family. I met them many times afterwards, but they would not speak. They seemed angry with

me. Desiring to know the reason for this, I sought the young woman who could talk English. I said to her, "Alice, how is it that your people won't speak to me?" For I never charged them anything for the medical attendance. She hung her head; I said, "Tell me the truth, I want to know what it is."

"Well," she said, "I will tell you. You know when the baby was sick, and you cured him."

"Yes," I said, "I know."

"Well," she said, "did you know that the Indian doctor had decided he would die, and ordered them to prepare a feast."

"No," I said, "I did not know that he had done that."

"Well," she said, "he did, and when they had bought all their things ready for the feast, the little boy got well and they could not have it, and when they went to the storekeeper to get him to take the things back again that they had bought, he refused, and they felt like it was just that money wasted. They felt very bad about it, because they did not have very much money to spare, and they blamed you because you did not let the little boy die, and so they could not have their feast."

This was the key to it all. I had deprived them of using their feast money. The little boy lived to be ten years old, but when he took sick again they took good care that I should not know of it, and sure enough he died: they wrapped up his little feet in woollen socks, put on his woollen mittens, wrapped him in three or four blankets, so that he would not get cold on his journey to the city of the

dead, placed all of his play-things in his coffin, and buried him with a jar of water and a dish of food upon the grave that he might not go hungry.

The people themselves are rather comical, and have an amusing side to their nature. They are not as stolid as one would think from their expressionless faces. They have many amusements and laugh heartily. Their dance is a sort of an amusement. Their best dancer is the one that can most nearly imitate the animal which he represents. Each man and woman dances alone, keeping time all the while to the tom-tom of their drums, and mimicking both in gesture and in noise some animal or bird.

I have never seen one of their dances, for I did not lend my countenance, where I could not give my support. I think it is a mistake for Missionaries to attend these heathenish rites and ceremonies, which in the pulpit and in everyday life they discountenance ; therefore I never went to see one, for I stood stolidly against them. They had many feasts, all of which were interspersed with dancing. They would eat and dance and dance and eat. Some have eaten enormous quantities at one time. One man is said to have consumed five gallons of seal grease in one evening on a wager. There are feasts for the dead as mentioned before, there are peace feasts, and there are ordinary feasts for those who had been made ashamed as they say.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF JIM.—INDIAN FASHIONS.

IN the early history of Alaska the Hudson Bay Fur Trading Company figure largely in the life and language of the Indians, from the Gulf of California to the Arctic Ocean. They not only traded but taught the people as well. A common language was almost a necessity, and to meet the needs of trade they invented such, and called it the "Chinook words." It consisted of 100 words at first, but could be added to as need required by white or native.

There is a feast among the natives known as a "Potlatch." This feast consists of food to eat, articles of wearing apparel to give away, blankets and calico to be torn up, and money to be distributed. The man who can give the biggest "Potlatch" and give away the most goods, is the highest in the tribe. When some one has excelled all the others, he is chief of that tribe, and so each vies with the other to give the greatest "Potlatch." Ofttimes a chief will call together hundreds of people and feast them for a week or two weeks at a time, and present them with various tokens. Whatever can be cut or torn up is so treated. The pieces are given to the various attenders. A blanket

is torn into strips perhaps a foot long and five or six inches wide ; these pieces are either thrown out into the company for whoever can get them ; or the giver names someone to whom they are to be given. A piece of calico is likewise torn up, perhaps into somewhat larger pieces. These are collected by those present as they are given out, and taken home, frequently to be made into a shirt or a coat for some little boy ; which an industrious mother sews together ; making a coat of many colours.

Every now and then some one would call the name of a departed brave—he may have been dead 200 years—and then, each one present would throw something into the fire, a piece of blanket, some food, or even a whole dish of food, which was supposed to appease his spirit.

After the finish of the feast, there is a general round of smoking (for they all used tobacco, from the oldest to the youngest) ; then a final dance and parting.

The economy in the use of tobacco by a family is very striking. They will go to the store and get the biggest plug of tobacco they can procure for ten cents. They do not go in for quality, but for quantity. It is taken home, wrapped in a handkerchief. The first thing in the morning, the father gets the plug of tobacco out and takes a chew. He chews it till he is tired of it. It is then passed to his wife, and she in turn chews it till she is tired of it. After that, it is passed on to the children, and they all in turn chew it, and woe to the little urchin who loses the “chew” before it is returned to the father again !

In many valleys a sort of weed grows wild, the leaves of which the natives originally gathered, and dried for smoking and snuff. But since tobacco has been introduced into Alaska by the white man, the native never prepares his own.

On our first going to Alaska the native would chew, and spit all over the floor—(he thought it was gentlemanly), and it was rather a difficult problem to know what to do about it. But as soon as they became converted they no longer used the filthy stuff.

When we first settled in Alaska in 1893 we found the people very honest ; particularly with one another. One could leave anything out of doors without fear of its being taken ; neither Indians nor whites would steal ; but when gold was discovered in the Yukon, at the Klondyke, and various other places, it brought many questionable characters to the country. The Indians soon felt that to hold their own they must steal, and lie, and cheat. They were expert at deception in any case, and now they used it to good account, and so often had they been taken advantage of in trade and otherwise, that it soon became impossible to beat them.

They feel it to be sort of a religion to imitate the white man. But to appeal to their sense of honour is usually sufficient to ensure their acting uprightly. Honour is above everything else to them.

The following story illustrates this :—There was an Indian boy about seventeen years of age. We

knew him as "Jim," though, of course, he had an Indian name, for they all have their own particular names ; but in the influx of whites they had been given English names as well. It so happened that a relative of Jim's had murdered a young man of another tribe. There must be restitution ; either there must be blankets given and feasts made to atone for the death ; or else some one must die instead. Jim's friends were poor ; they could not pay the stipulated four hundred blankets. Jim came down to the mines about three hundred miles from his home to work. He was trying to make money enough to pay this debt ; for when one man of a tribe is in trouble they are all bound to help him, for the enemy reckons not with the man but with the tribe. So they were all trying to gather enough together to jointly pay the debt, and as the murderer was an old man they could not tell who would be chosen to be put to death in his stead.

Their enemies were restless and demanded payment. It could not be made : finally after council, their enemies selected Jim to be the one to forfeit his life in payment for the life his uncle had taken.

The time fixed for Jim to be shot was the next autumn. It was now the breaking of spring. The April sun was slowly but surely driving the snow from the shores toward the mountains. The birds had begun to come from the south. All nature seemed to be smiling again ; even the thrifty buttercup began to look appeal-

ingly into the face of every passer by ; but Jim's people were gloomy, the most gloomy of them all was his uncle. Jim seemed to care but little. He gathered his few belongings together, tied them up in his blanket with a rope, swung it on his shoulder, and off he went three hundred miles to the mines to work. We learned his story while he worked there.

He came to our meetings regularly : from time to time he gave many earnest testimonies of the work of grace in his heart. The happy days of summer had passed, autumn was come ; the leaves were turning yellow from the biting frost that appeared night after night ; the time was near when Jim must return to his home. We begged him not to return, telling him perhaps the Lord had given him this privilege to gain his freedom. He looked incredulously at us—the idea that we should for a moment have thought that he had it in his heart to run away !

He sat by my side, and said to me, " If I go away, my brother will have to die in my place : I cannot do it. Beside that, I am ready to die ; my brother is not. Not one of my people are ready. They do not know the Lord ; I do, I am quite ready and willing to go."

He came again to meeting, when we had another talk with him and said, " Now, Jim, can't we do something to interfere in this matter ?"

He answered, " No, I think not."

I said, " Will they kill you ?"

" Yes, they will."

"Why should you return? Why not let them come for you?"

"My people are poor," he said; "it will cost them too much to come and fetch me. I must return."

I said to him, "Were they not afraid to let you come down here so far, for fear you would run away?"

He stood up straight, threw his shoulders back, and said, "We are honest people." The depth of his feeling was manifest. It was the same as if he had been called a traitor. His honour was at stake!

I said to him, "Jim, when will you be going?"

"I must go next Thursday," he answered.

"And when will this thing be settled?"

"It is to be settled two weeks after I get home."

We took him by the hand and warmly shook it.

I finally said to him, "I believe you are right: you are a brave boy; God will certainly reward you; but, remember, I shall pray for you that your faith shall not fail;" then added, "Do you fear this?"

He answered, "I don't like to be shot, but I must do it to save my people. And remember I am not afraid to die. The Lord will help me."

On the appointed day he took his departure. What follows is from an eye-witness.

Jim arrived home safely. His father and mother met him and welcomed him to their house. His uncle was very depressed, for he saw what would be the result of his fit of madness. It was taking from

them the brightest light they had, and more than that, the uncle became a practical slave of the tribe; for another man was to be made to suffer in his stead. Even the little boys could now "boss" the old man about : the women could "jaw" him as much as they pleased and he dared not retaliate. He became like the cur that lay at his feet ; but Jim was the hero of the tribe ! He sat by the fireside day after day, whilst the negotiations were going on, talked to his father and mother and his uncle about their souls, about heaven, and about Christ. He told them of the hope of the resurrection, of the joy in service, and how willing he was to die for their sakes, and glad that he was able to tell them of what Jesus had done for him.

They listened with aching hearts as he said to them, " This is my dying message ; I shall soon be gone : I do not fear to die ; for, I shall be at home with Jesus." Tears were falling fast, but there was no going back ; their enemies had gathered in various tents just across the way. The day was approaching : they were thirsting for settlement. They would have life or blankets, and the latter could not be obtained.

The fatal day arrived. The morning sun shone out bright and clear ; the cold crisp air of winter had thrown a damask of frost on all the landscape. In the little village of Jim's people only sorrow and sadness reigned ; the only bright face among them was Jim's ; the only one who could smile was he. Their enemies had become so affected as they sat with Jim, and saw his fearlessness, that

they dreaded the moment to come when they, according to orders, must kill him ; and still it must be done, for they had passed their word. And an Indian keeps his word !

The sun climbed on towards the zenith ; it was now noon : the shade of the stake driven in the centre of the street pointed to the mark, designating that the time of execution had come. A low murmur arose from among the enemy ! A little line of four was seen to stand out in front of their tents, each with a loaded Winchester rifle in his hand. They waited ! Will he come ? It was not long before a solitary boy walked out of the house. It was Jim. He was just advancing to the place designated, when, there was a shriek, and the frantic face and flying hair of his mother appeared in the doorway. She rushed out and gathered him around the neck, and dragged him back into the house, saying "*You shall not, you cannot die !*" The mother's heart was all but broken ! Jim with his labour-stained hands wiped his mother's tears, kissed her upon the cheek, and said, "Mother, don't weep for me, but rather weep because you do not know the Lord. Rather," he said, "weep and pray for these our enemies, that they may see, and believe, and be saved."

Then, gently loosening her arms from his neck, he walked slowly and deliberately to the place of execution. The enemy stood awestruck ! They could not fire : so Jim walked a little further on and stopped again, and this time to speak to them, saying "I forgive you in the name of Jesus : I

know you don't know Him, but you must know Him before you come to be where I am going—promise me you will." There was no sound, only the quivering of the tense muscles in the face of the enemy, when, out upon the air rang four shots which paid the debt.—Jim had gone to be with his God—so sweetly, so peacefully, that the enemy went and kneeled beside him and there asked God for forgiveness.

I cannot say what you will think of such a procedure, but in their darkened minds it was the greatest sacrifice they had ever made, and perhaps meant more to them than you and I will ever realise. Suffice it to say that through Jim's death could be traced the conversion of the entire tribe. They have solemnly promised before God that never again will they exact so terrible a price.

Who will blame Jim? It is strange, his courage, is it not? Yet He Who had the strength of courage to die for us, in turn will also give us the courage to die for others. I often think it is easier to die for Christ than to live for Him. It is indeed blessed to yield up life for His sake, but it is far more blessed to live in obedience to His will.

Among these people can now be heard the voice of song instead of anger; they are especially clever at singing. Perhaps you and I would never call it so. To us it would seem more of a howl, but, to them it is music. They have no teachers but Nature: in other words they are practically children of Nature, and when one of them desires to

become a singer, it is not uncommon to find him for weeks at a time, sitting, half-starved, by the side of a bubbling brook, listening to the sounds of the water as it tumbles over the rocks. This is his training. It usually takes him thirty days, sometimes double that time ; but it seems to have the desired effect, for he comes back a singer. Then his services are quite in demand at all their dances and feasts, and even in the evenings you can hear him with his howl and his drum. He loves music, and once hearing a tune will sing it himself, and he has a very sweet, mild voice ; the voice as you hear it seems as if you were laying your fingers on the softest of velvet, and yet it has that firmness and volume about it that fills your room. Their natural love of music being taken advantage of, we often reach them with the Gospel in song.

The Indians are also expert imitators. Their doctors frequently imitate many sleight-of-hand performances, doing it admirably. They love to imitate the whites, especially in the manner of dress. In one case a young woman named Emma, whose capacity for imitating the white woman was very great, caused us no little amusement at a morning meeting. It had so happened that one of the tourist steamers, had, a day or two before arrived at the Treadwell Mines, and some women on board the steamer were invited to dine with the superintendent. In order to do so they must necessarily change costumes, from travelling costume to that of a drawing-room. They must walk from the steamer across the dock to the superin-

tendent's house. As is usual at these times when the tourists arrive, the Indian women who sell a great many wares of their own manufacture, such as baskets, hats and stockings, also canes and totem poles, manufactured by their husbands or brothers, had, on this occasion ranged themselves along the wharf displaying their different articles of merchandise.

As the strangers passed, one lady in particular was scrutinised by the native women. She wore a skirt which had a train to it about two yards long. As she was carrying it nicely, to keep it out of the dirt, the Indian women took note of *that* as well. This was on Friday. On Sunday morning Emma came with the other Indians to meeting, carrying something very carefully. She was doing just like she had seen that English woman do two days before. When she got to the door, she just let it go, and lo and behold a train swept some two yards behind her, and she swept up the aisle and sat down as gracefully as though she had worn such things all her life. But it took no expert eye to see that it was hardly in order. She could not afford to buy a new dress, but had gone to the store and purchased new material sufficient for the train; and sewed it on to the back end of an old skirt. Of course, it was not just like the old dress even, but it was the best she could do. At any rate it answered the purpose. It is only a matter of taste whether the stuff should be the same or not, for even if it is of a different character, it sweeps just as well and gets just as gloriously dirty!

The Indians especially have a love for display. It is not uncommon to find them with four or five different colours upon their person.

Once at a public wedding, the bride was dressed in white swiss muslin with a purple ribbon bow on her breast ; a yellow bow of ribbon on each shoulder ; a bright red ribbon in her hair ; a green sash round her waist, and wore black kid gloves.

In their native state they love to wear feathers in their hair ; rings in their ears, sometimes as many as four or five in one ear. They also wear rings on all of their fingers and a large ring in the nose. These rings are all manufactured by the native himself from bullion or coin, as he is able to obtain it. They are gold and silver, sometimes alloyed with copper.

On our going to Alaska my dear wife was very fond of jewellery, and I thought it was quite becoming. I wore a ring upon my little finger. She had rings on her fingers and had had rings in her ears. She also put feathers in her hat—ostrich plumes suited best. When we got among the Indians we told them they ought not to wear feathers in their hair, that was heathenish. We told them it was heathenish to put so many rings on their fingers, and to put rings in their ears and in their nose, and to wear so many bracelets ; for indeed their bracelets covered their arm completely from the wrist to the elbow, and dear wife especially waxed warm in her instructions against heathenism.

One day, our native elder stepped up to her, and took hold of her ear ; it had no ring in it any

more, but the marks were there. He said, "Mrs. Charley" (for that is what they always called her : they call me "Mission Charley" for they could not use our last name, and I do not blame them !), "what makes those holes in your ears ?"

My wife was puzzled. She did not know what to answer ; had she not been saying it was heathenish to wear rings in your ears, and now she must tell on herself. He showed her his ears. There were the tell-tale holes. She thought for some time, and finally she said, "Well, Dick, I'll tell you what. I expect I had those rings put in my ears when I was a heathen like you were." It seemed to satisfy him !

At another time a young woman came up to my wife, and she said, as she laid her hand upon her shoulder, "You told us it was not right to wear feathers in our hair."

"Yes, so I did," she said.

"But, how is it that you wear feathers in your hat ? We cannot see the difference. We just wear them in our hair."

The argument was so convincing that my wife has never worn feathers since. She wears no rings : none in her ears, nor on her fingers ; my ring has disappeared, for, is not the wearing of rings but a mark of heathenism from which we came, which we still keep with us ?

CHAPTER VIII.

ABOUT SALMON FISHING AND CURING.

THE food of the native must necessarily be procured from the natural products of the country. This is supplied partly by the abundance of game, which is found in the mountains throughout the entire region of the North West. The common black-tailed deer are very plentiful. Innumerable bears of two distinct species, the black and the brown, or cinnamon bear, which attain sometimes to great size, are also used as food, and their skins form one of the revenues of the country. Then there is the ground hog and porcupine, the grouse and the ptarmigan. A sure article of diet is also obtained from the seal. Fish can be had in quantities at any time. There are numbers of different kinds of salmon, both red and white, also halibut and various other varieties of fish; the salmon and halibut being those chiefly in use.

In the summer season, beginning about the second week in June, the salmon make their appearance in every little stream that tumbles down from the mountain side to the sea, seeking a

place to propagate their young. These shallow streamlets form a splendid place to catch them. They often crowd each other to such a degree that some are pushed on to the bank and are unable to get back to the water, and can be had just for the picking up.

Eagles frequent these streams and catch their prey. The shaggy bear waddles down along the shore and stands with uplifted paw till the luckless salmon swims close by, and, with a motion quick as the wink of an eye, he throws his salmon on to the shore and leisurely sits down and eats it. He is an expert fisher, equal almost to his half-brother the native.

There are also large quantities of herrings in the water at almost all seasons. These are boiled and the oil extracted. To perform this work the Indians usually go away from their ordinary homes, build a rude tent or bark hut, where they prepare to make the oil. They have previously provided themselves with a common goods box which they have made water-tight by means of cloth or moss, driven into the cracks. In this box they put some fresh water. They have a roaring fire built near by, for heating pieces of rock. The fish are caught with a long pole like a rake, about twelve feet in length, sharpened about four feet at one end on both edges, being about three inches wide, and as thick as one's finger in the middle. On one edge of this nails are driven about one and a half inches apart, protruding about the

same distance from the wood ; the ends of these nails are filed sharp. The Indian sits in the end of his canoe, thrusts his long rake down as far into the water as he can, just in the midst of the school of herring, then, rapidly lifting it with the nails upward, the poor herrings stick on to these sharp nails, a dozen at a time. Thus he fills his canoe.

They are now ready to boil. He brings them on shore. His wife and children take charge, and without washing or any other preparation they take them from the canoe, put them in the box with the water until the box is full ; then with two sticks they take the hot rock out of the fire, and pile it in among the herrings. Another rock follows this one ; and so on until the boiling process is finished. Out go the rocks ! Then they take the herrings from the box, placing them in a sort of plaited basket which the women make, fill the basket almost full with herrings, fold the top down, and then lay it on two sticks across a tin can which has been used for coal oil. This can holds about five gallons. They then lay some of the rocks upon the herrings in the basket, and press out all the water and oil that they can. When the rocks are no longer sufficiently heavy, the woman herself with her bare feet tumbles the rocks off and climbs up on the fish. Her avoirdupois being considerably more than any of the rocks which she could lift, gives the last squeeze to take out the oil.

The oil naturally oozes up between her toes, and then with the rest runs down into the can. This

pressed oil is then boiled until the water has all been evaporated, leaving the grease.

I chanced one day to be on a religious visit to one of these camps. As I came in they were just sitting down to supper. I had seen them pressing out the grease, and the women without having washed their hands sat down to eat. Their supper was fish grease and dried salmon. Being invited to eat, with the best appetite possible I sat down. Such things do not trouble the missionary. I had long before passed beyond that stage. I enjoyed a good meal and went home refreshed.

The most abundant supply of grease is however obtained from the seal or sea lion.

This grease is used in the autumn as a sort of preservative for berries which the Indians have gathered. Alaska abounds in berries. There were thirty-seven kinds growing within easy reach of our home, the blueberry being the chief; but there were currants, gooseberries, strawberries and cranberries, with many other kinds, all used for food. These were gathered in their season, mixed with the grease, and kept for winter use. The salmon also is dried during the summer, and stored away in a great bundle for winter use. The Indians gather in the summer season a sort of rice, but this is the root of the plant and not the grain. When cooked it resembles and tastes much like the common rice. There is also a sort of celery, growing wild, which they use. This grows in abundance almost everywhere; it is welcomed with delight by young and old when the snows

are sufficiently melted to give it a chance to grow.

It is most interesting to go out fishing with the Indians. The fish, which are very large and plentiful, are caught with a net at the mouth of the streams. On one occasion we went out and in one hour's time had twenty-six red salmon, the smallest one weighing forty-five pounds !

There are many "canneries" in these parts, where the salmon is put up for the market. The natives are employed in catching them. Of course the head is not used, for the heads cannot be canned ; the Indians being very economical, know how to use the heads, in fact the head is in their opinion the best part of the fish. So they frequent the canneries, and when the heads are thrown away fill their canoes with them. These they take to their camp, dig holes in the gravel along the sea shore—holes perhaps three feet deep—they place in each hole a layer of the leaves of the skunk cabbage, then they fill up nearly full with salmon heads. They are not careful to wash them, neither do they take out the gills nor the eyes. Then they cover the heads all over with skunk cabbage leaves, and finally with earth to the depth of eighteen inches or more, leaving the heads for some ten days to two weeks buried, until they get real nice and juicy ! They are then dug up and placed out as delicacies, and eaten as they are.

These people eat many roots and the bark of various trees ; also a sort of edible seaweed which

they prepare for food. When they eat, they do not have many articles of diet at one meal, usually, one or two at the most, and they prepare enough of it for the entire family, and the whole family take this meal together.

A family usually consists of the father and mother (or two mothers sometimes) and often as many as a dozen or fourteen children, from one to eight dogs, and a few cats. They all live together in the same house, which is probably twelve by fourteen feet square, with a fire in the centre.

Cooking is done in one large pot over the fire. After the food is cooked, it is poured into a bowl about as large as those which we use in our bedrooms for washing. The family surrounds the bowl ; sometimes they have one spoon, sometimes two or three for the family. This spoon is made of goat's horn and will hold about three parts of a pint. The father eats one spoonful and passes the spoon to the mother, and she in turn to the children, each one taking his turn out of the spoon ; but the four-footed part of the family are not fortunate enough to obtain the use of the spoon, so naturally help themselves between times, slipping in between the children, and feeding from the same bowl.

Once when on a visit to one of our children from the Mission, and while she sat with her parents eating, the dogs of the household ate out of the same dish, and turned and took a drink out of the only bucket of water there was in the house ; afterwards we were offered a drink from the same bucket, but politely excused ourselves, saying we

were not thirsty, and Who would be ! under such circumstances ?

But when one is hungry enough he will scarcely question the diet or how it is prepared.

Two natives and myself were once out in a small boat, and no small storm was upon us. We were very tired and hungry, but dare not eat the mussels which grew in abundance along the sea-shore, for oftentimes they are poisonous ; the only thing we had, was a little bark from some of the spruce pines, which we cut from the trees with sharp stones. After toiling hard every day we were becoming very weak. At the end of the third day we came to an Indian camp, weary, and wet, and worn. The natives took us in gladly. They gave us a small piece of dried salmon to eat. Strange to say we were not hungry, but with the first taste of food our appetite came back voraciously. I could have eaten anything, but they were wise, and said one small piece was enough to begin with. I had never been able to eat seal grease before, but I thought it a delicacy that day.

Then we lay down and slept for a few hours, and awoke and ate again. This time they allowed us more, but still not enough ! we must have some more sleep, they said, and so we slept again. After that, we were allowed to eat as much as we liked.

At another time I remember, being out, I met with a fisherman, who had a five gallon tin can full of venison tallow. It was beautiful white-looking stuff and I was very hungry. He offered to share his meal with me. He gave me a piece as

large as a cocoa-nut. I began to eat it, and lo, I found that the can had not been washed before the tallow had been put into it. It tasted like coal oil. But it was all we had and we were thankful, knowing that many a poor family had not half so good a meal. That day we laid by the price of steak and luxuries to give to the less fortunate.

CHAPTER IX.

“THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.” EVIL
SPIRITS, ETC.

THE Alaskan Indian is naturally a worshipping being. He lives for an unseen future. His ideas are divided between two Spirits. He believes there is a Good Spirit and an Evil one. He loves to meditate on the kindness and joy to be obtained sometime, somehow. In his life there is no real joy. He believes there is a city, somewhere, far away in the mountains, high above all the troubles and trials of life ; overlooking all the world, but very hard of access ; a city, in which the people are no longer subject to the caprice of the evil one. They tell us that in this city there are many, many houses. Some are in a good street and some are far back in the dark corners ; in some of these is a fire to warm by. These houses are for the spirits of the dead. In this place the Good Spirit reigns supreme, not as a Chief over a tribe but as a servant of all those who have come there. His great desire is to make them happy.

This is the Alaskan Indian's “Happy hunting ground” ; not that he expects to hunt, but he expects, there, to be free from care and sorrow. The

way to this city is long, and very difficult ; the road sometimes is straight, sometimes very narrow ; at places overgrown with brush and thorns and briars of every kind. In some places it leads along the steep cliffs of the mountain side ; in other places through the broad green valleys by the side of the running brooks. The good Indian is the one who has appeased the devil ; the one who gets safely and quickly through this long journey is he who has succeeded by his sacrifices in keeping the evil spirits at a distance ; but the "don't care" man is beguiled and beset until he falls down the precipice, or gets tangled in the briars, or loses his way in the mazes of the forest.

To enable the man to get through safely to the other side, the Indian doctor is called into requisition. He has power over the Evil Spirit ; he is the only man that dares frequent the city of the dead ; because, there the devil holds supreme sway. No one else dare touch the bones of a dead man. Many and varied are the incantations, which the doctor uses to drive away and control the legions of Spirits that infest the neighbourhood. He necessarily grows wealthy, for his services are valuable, and the superstition of his people causes them to pay any price for liberation from the evil spirits, which, they think he can discern and control.

This Chief of evil spirits, or devil, is symbolised in the common bird known as the raven, whose actions are in striking resemblance to the works of the evil one. He is a thievish fellow, tricky, very shrewd, and is able to imitate almost

any bird, and worse than all, he will carry off and hide everything he can. No fitter bird could be found, as a type of this miserable spirit, which is the terror of the ignorant native. They sometimes sacrifice their children by throwing them overboard, thinking the devil has stirred up the water until they are all about to be lost. The hunter cannot return home, without leaving a piece of the bear on the waters to feed the raven, for his family might prove untrue or the spirits drive them to madness. They are certain that this raven has made the world. It has been told them for generations. And they put much confidence in their traditions.

A short time after we went to Alaska I was preaching in the meeting about the creation of the world. I was telling them that God had made the world and everything that was in it, and that in turn we should worship God for His goodness to us. I was trying to prove to them, and get them to understand, that God so loved us that He sent His only begotten Son to be the propitiation for our sins. I was just in the midst of my discourse, when a chief arose about the middle of the meeting. Standing erect he said in his own tongue, "Minister, you lie." I said to the interpreter at my side, "What is that he says?" The interpreter did not want to tell me. I said "Tell it out, what did he say?" Finally, with downcast eyes, the interpreter said, "He tells you that you lie."

Of course, the interpreter did not know what might happen if he told me such things as that,

and all the people looked frightened ; but, I saw in the old chief an honesty of purpose. He was just as honest as I was. Why should I be angry with him ? He needed to be taught. No man was ever *taught* anything in anger. It is love that teaches. Anger provokes anger, love begets love. So I said to the old chief, through the interpreter, "Come now, if I have not talked true, wherein have I lied ? I want to hear."

The congregation looked astonished. Some of the old chief's friends were ashamed of him. Some were fearful that I might say something that would cause trouble, and all waited in breathless silence. The old chief continued, "Minister, you told us God made the world. Now, we know better. We know the devil made it," (using the phrase they use for devil or raven.)

I said, "How can you tell that ?"

"Now," he said, "look here ; if God made the world, why is it there is so much sickness in the world ? Why do we have these great high mountains that we have to climb to get anywhere ? Why do we have it so cold in winter ? Why are the woods all full of briars to stick into our hands and feet. Everything shows us that God did not make the world ! Why is it that men are always fighting each other, if God made them ? I have heard them stand in this meeting-house and say that when they wanted to do right they could not, for the devil would not let them, and we know that the devil is stronger than God and made every thing and every body !"

As he sat down, the congregation drew a long breath ! It was now my time—What could I say to him or to the others ? His argument seemed to be conclusive. On looking around, people are found to be cross with each other ; even the Christians cannot agree. When looking at the world, everything seemed on the outside to be contrary to the happiness of humankind. What could be said to him ?

The responsibility of the occasion was very great. So we reasoned with him, telling him that God made all things good, that there was not anything made but what was good, He so declared it to be ; but that there was a subtle enemy that came into the world and overcame because the people allowed him. We reasoned with him to show him that man is responsible for the evil in the world, that before the Fall it was not so ; and that it is now our duty to accept the remedy, which is in Jesus Christ, and all things will be put right through Him, and He alone has power to conquer the Devil, that God can destroy all these evil things, but He does not wish to do so unless we are willing. That it is the purpose of the Father to give us power through the Son to overcome the evil in the world.

This giving us power appealed to him and he rose again, saying, "Friends, the minister has shown us the truth. I believe he is right, but there is one thing I am sure of, that if God did make the world, the devil has made it over again." And who can say the old chief was wrong ? But do

we not hope in Jesus for better things ? In prayer we wait for it.

Their idea of evil spirits naturally leads the Indians to the old English belief in witches. Consequently, some persons are supposed to be possessed of evil and to be able thereby to cause endless sorrow to others. We need only to read the record of the past, in our own beloved country, to understand all the horrors of such a fearful superstition. They frequently burned the poor witch at the stake. Other times they drowned her, by tying her where the tide would come in. These witches were supposed to be the cause of all disease and to be in league with the devil. To rid the earth of them was most necessary. Horrible tortures were sometimes instigated to obtain a confession from the poor victim. Sometimes they were tied to a tree, and there left to the mercy of every savage beast among them, who cut them with knives, whipped them, or burnt them with flaming faggots. Finally the poor victim, to end the torture, would confess she was a witch, which meant her death !

The attainment of the beautiful city did not altogether lie in the Indians' own hands, for if their relatives failed to do their part after their death, the deceased one, they believed, would linger long, and sometimes become utterly lost, in the mazes through which he had to go, and therefore it became necessary for him to have food prepared for his spirit. He must also have his blankets in the coffin and his feet and hands well wrapped up, especially if it was winter, for they knew how cold the body becomes, and

they must therefore keep it warm. Also at their feast, they must burn some things in the fire which being consumed were transmitted to the spirit of the departed. Their custom of burning the body was with the object of keeping it warm; and the remaining relatives must not forget the absent ones until they were through to the Eternal city in safety.

Originally the Indians held slaves, and, at the master's death he required also the death of all his slaves. A great pile of logs would be built, and the body laid in state upon the top. His gun, his best dogs, his slaves, his blankets, much food, and such articles as they thought he would need in the other country, were placed with him and all consumed in the funeral pyre. This they thought went immediately with his spirit to the city somewhere in the mountains. If he was not burnt, they thought he would not sit by the council fire in the other city, and, to prove that this was true, a very prominent woman amongst them had a vision one day. She saw her son, whom the missionaries had induced her to bury instead of burn. She saw him in the city, but he had to sit outside, without fire, and he was so cold! When she appeared in the city he recognised her, and came to her and begged her to take his body up and have it burned so that he could be permitted to sit inside the house by the fire, for it was cold in that country. For a long time it was hard to induce them to bury their dead, but it is now the prevailing custom, this idea having gone with many of their other superstitions.



FRIENDS' DAY SCHOOL, DOUGLAS, ALASKA.



CHAPTER X.

OUR MISSION HOME.

LIVING with us in the same house, were at one time, twenty-six Indian children, from three years to seventeen years of age. They had been taken in for periods, ranging from two to six years. Our part was to educate, clothe, and train them. It was an advantage to the parents to have them in this home ; apart from being relieved of the burden of their support, it prepared their children for better service afterwards, and especially the girls, who would command higher prices and bring more presents when they married. Some of these children were orphans ; others had one or both parents living ; but it mattered not whether the parents were living or not, the aunts or uncles had control over them ; for an aunt could come at any time and take the children from the mother, which was very often done.

At one time there was a little girl living quietly with her mother and she was becoming a very promising child, but her aunt, who was the elder sister, became angry with the mother, and for spite came and took the little girl away ; for by their law there was sufficient reason given by the aunt to warrant it. The poor mother was in desperation. She could

not appeal to the rest of the people to bring her daughter back. She could only bear it in patience until the anger of the sister could be appeased. This was slow in coming. Finally the mother could wait no longer. She went to search for her little daughter. Two years had passed by, and learning that her child was in a certain village she went to it, expecting to find the child, but her search seemed fruitless. The aunt, after having taken the little girl away, finding that she wept a great deal for her home, put her under punishment. She built a little log house away back at the skirts of the village ; the house was just high enough for the girl to sit upright in the middle. It was made tight, the roof was weighted down. The child was fed very scantily through the roof.

The mother after having searched for some time was passing this way and heard a child crying. She went out to search the place, and there found her daughter, but evil eyes were also near, and when she would take her child home the aunt objected. The mother was compelled to return home in sorrow, and years passed before she saw her daughter again. The mother's heart was almost broken, in sorrow she mourned for her child as one that was dead.

Many winters silvered the mother's hair, the child grew up and married, the aunt obtaining all the marriage money. One day as the old mother was out fishing in their canoe a storm came suddenly on them. They were far out from land, and the water became fearfully rough. There was another canoe not far away, in which was a woman and a little boy.

This canoe had sprung a leak, and was rapidly filling. The older woman, seeing the danger, went as near as possible to the rescue, and only just in time, for the old broken canoe split in two pieces leaving the woman and boy in the water. They were picked up and taken to shore. Imagine the surprise of that poor old mother when she found that this was her long lost daughter.

It is only one of the many incidents that commonly occur among a people whose laws and customs are so heartless. Seeing the suffering to which children were so often put, our Mission Home was established for their good. When once within our hands such things could not occur, and the children became so thankful for a hope of better things.

I remember one boy that was taken into the Home upon request of his mother. We called him Silas. After he had been with us some time and was able to work and to talk English well, his mother came over and pretended she wanted him to visit her. My wife granted the petition as I was not at home. The mother promised the boy should be back in the evening, but he did not come. The next day my wife was after him, but the mother had found that the boy was old enough to begin to trade with, and had determined to keep him, for he was under contract for some years yet. It is sufficient to say we got him back again, but the mother was very angry, she having planned to escape with him. Silas had cried all night, for he did not want to stay with his mother, and besides, she had abused him for wanting to return to his Mission Home.

In the course of time this mother was comforted. She came to our house one day, and said to me, "I am going away now for my last feast. After this one I shall make no more. I shall never go to another, but if I should die while I am gone, I want you to promise to take my boy as your own child." I told her I would, and she went away. In about two weeks the news came that in a drunken row this mother had been killed. Silas being with us, his aunts and his uncles tried to take him away, but I had the mother's word, and would not let him go. He is now in Oregon, at school, a bright promising boy.

A little girl, whom we had taken and named Ruth, was a very striking case. She was about nine years old when she came to us. Her father and mother were dead, and her brother who was keeping her was very cruel to her. The only bed she had was a blanket on the floor, which served for mattress and a cover. Her brother was in the habit, in order to make her strong, of compelling her, each morning, to stand in the salt water for as long as possible ; sometimes for an hour. If she cried, or grew cold, she was whipped till she was warm. She had not had her hair combed for months. Owing to the cruel way she was treated, she ran away from her brother and begged our protection. She was taken into the Home and given a good bath, her hair combed, and her head cleaned. She looked like a new girl. It was not long before her brother was after her. She would not go ; she reminded him of his treatment of her, and decided to remain with

us ; and is now in a school in Oregon, a very promising young lady.

There is another pathetic case that came under our hands. A young girl ran away from her home ; her father and mother were living, but she came to us and asked protection from them. She had been sold to an old man by her father and mother, although she was only ten years old. She was to be his second, or young wife. In her ignorance she went to live with this man, but when she realised what it meant, she ran away from him and went home. He had now come for her, or the money that he had paid to her parents. He was not particular which, but they refused to pay the money back ; then he demanded his wife. She refused to go, they whipped her, but she still refused, and finally she rushed out of the house and came to us. She knew she would be safe, and when we had ascertained the facts we admitted her into the Home.

She was with us seven years, and afterwards married a bright young man, who had been educated in our Mission.

Once we had ever such a strange little fellow. A little boy about six years of age. He was such a tiny little orphan ; there was not much to be expected from him. His uncle had taken him, but the little fellow did not grow very rapidly. After a while, on this account, his uncle grew tired of him. He did not care what became of the child, so he took him quite away from the village and deliberately left him on a little desolate island. He was left alone

with no food and no water. The child cried, and cried, until he grew hoarse. Night came; but no friendly hand came with it. The next morning a canoe was passing by that way, and there was heard a moaning, something that sounded more like an animal than anything else. They being superstitious, were afraid to go on the island and look. But in another canoe which passed that way shortly after, there was a young man who had been in school. He had lost some faith in these superstitious notions. He heard the same sound, and ventured on the island. Here he found instead of an animal, the little boy, who could only now and then get an audible sound from his throat, so hoarse was he from crying. He was nearly famished, and was quite unconscious. He was taken into the canoe and brought to us. With much care he became a good strong boy, and is now a promising young man finishing his education in a school in Oregon. Nearly all of our children came to our home because of ill-treatment.

The original purpose of the Home was to take these children and educate them, that they might go out again among their people, as living witnesses of what we were trying to teach them to be. The children were taught to work, and with the surroundings of a Christian home it was hoped that somehow or sometime the Gospel would take root in their hearts and they would be saved. They were to be educated and trained as citizens of the country.

For three years we worked at this plan, but we found the influence of fathers and mothers, and aunts and uncles, in fact, of the whole tribe, was so

strong towards the old customs, that the young people could not stand against it ; besides, every child is obedient to its parents and relatives so long as they live, and to educate them only made them more skilful in wrong-doing ; when once they fell, it was not many steps to go until they began to go rapidly. Seeing these things, we concluded it were better to take the whole of the tribe and teach them the Gospel and discontinue the Mission Home, providing, only for those children, whom we had already contracted for. We found this a great advantage. The older people began to realise that we meant to help them as well as the younger people, and that the Mission was not intended only for one class, but for all ; many times afterwards we expelled scholars from our day school until they should understand enough of religion to know how to use their education.

The world to-day needs more Christianity. It has intellect enough, but does not know how to use it.

CHAPTER XI.

TRAINING THE CHILDREN.

THE management in the Mission Home was intended to be as nearly as possible like a well-regulated family. It was a place where the children and the workers might be as brothers and sisters, with father and mother as the head. It was not intended they should be as beasts or animals driven to their task and trained under the lash, but that their intellect and love should be drawn out, so that they would live a Christian life, because they loved it best.

In connection with this we experienced many incidents of much interest. Every day's work lay heavy upon us; the great burden of the cooking must be done, and in that cold country the making of bread was especially difficult, because it was hard to keep it warm while it should rise. From fifty to one hundred loaves of bread had to be made twice a week, and in the meantime the children taught how they might do it. The older girls did the washing.

All the children attended the day school, but those who did the washing remained out for one day, having four days in the week at school. Every

two weeks the employment of the children was entirely changed. The bedroom girls, kitchen girls, and washroom girls exchanged places. The boys as well ; some of them were detailed for preparing the kindling, others for splitting the wood, others for carrying the wood in, and still others for keeping the fires going. There were seven stoves altogether to keep hot.

The wood for these fires was the one great difficulty and burden of the Mission. There was plenty of wood in the country, but being so near a town, all that was near us was burned away, until it was necessary, in order to get good wood, to go a distance of half a mile to a mile from the house. In summer it must be brought through the bogs of the mountain side where one would often sink in, over one's knees, into the soft moss and water ; or else, it must be brought for a longer distance over the mountain, where it could be tumbled down the side and then picked up to be carried on our backs the rest of the way. In winter sometimes we could put it upon a sledge known as a Yukon sled. The sled is eight feet or ten feet long, and about fourteen inches between the runners. It is so strong that almost a cord of wood can be taken at one time. Often the snow would be, either too soft, or else there would be none at all, which made it necessary to carry the wood most of the year. The climate was very disagreeable, in fact, it either rained or snowed, on an average, three hundred days in the year.

Our rising hour was five o'clock ; breakfast at six, then be off to the woods to cut wood until eight, then

after bringing a load of wood to the Mission, the boys would go to school until four. In the meantime, I myself would keep carrying wood or cutting it, all day long alone. Many a day have I stood at one end of the crosscut saw, alone in the woods, in order to have wood enough for the boys to carry when they came out from school at four o'clock. In the coldest weather we were kept carrying until eleven at night.

I remember an instance in particular of how, one Saturday, we were all carrying wood. The eldest boy that we had, was then twelve years old, the other three were younger, but they each did what they could. We had been carrying wood nearly all day. I was alone, using the crosscut saw, and the four boys were together, carrying wood. Willie, being the oldest, was naturally delegated as a sort of overseer of the rest. Simpson, a ten year old boy, was headstrong; he did not like to be bossed by Willie, it was enough for him to submit to me. They got on very well most of the day. Finally, late in the afternoon, Willie came struggling through the bushes, his eye was all bruised and blue.

I said to him, "Willie, what is the matter? Did you fall and hurt yourself?"

He said, "No, I didn't. It was Simpson."

"Why," I said, "Simpson, but how is that? Did Simpson hurt you some way?"

He said, "Yes, he hit me with a club."

"Why? Have you been quarrelling?"

Willie said, "No, we were just carrying wood, and he hit me."

(A native way for laying all the blame on some-one else.)

Just at this point Simpson's face was seen in the bushes, and he cried out (having heard Willie's last expression) and said, "He pushed me down first."

Upon careful inquiry I found that they were both to blame. I finally got Willie to say that he had tried to get Simpson to carry the wood, and Simpson was lazy. I knew him to be so, and the other boys had made one more trip already than Simpson, and Willie undertook to punish him, and Simpson resented it. I further learned that Willie had been rather abusive before, but I could not tell which boy to punish. Willie had before this professed a change of heart. I had reason to believe it was genuine.

"Now," I said to Willie, "I do not really know which one of you boys is the most to blame, but I had better punish you both ; but I will leave it now, Willie, to you ; I see you have a black eye, and Simpson is not hurt. I will make a proposition to you, and you may think over it and let me know what is your decision. I will either punish you both and do it now, or else I'll just leave it to the Lord. The Lord knows which one of you is to blame, and He will punish the right boy ; He will make no mistake, but if I do it the Lord will not need to do it."

Willie studied over it for some time. Simpson knew that if I said I would punish them, it was sure to come, but he did not know about the Lord quite so well. So he readily consented, rather with a smile. He thought he was getting out of it very easily.

Willie looked grave. I further pressed it upon Willie, "Now if we leave it to the Lord I shall not do it at all, we will leave it altogether to Him." Simpson evidently was studying whether he would not get some of it as well, if it was left to the Lord. I further told him that if the Lord did it, He would do it right, He would give each boy according to what he needed. Finally Willie looked up and said, "We'll leave it to the Lord."

I was a little fearful, for I did not know exactly how it would come off, and reverently, together we bowed our heads in the wood, telling the Lord this matter was left to Him to settle, asking Him to settle it according to His own pleasure. The boys cheerfully went back to their work.

It was just about evening, dusk was coming on. We were going down home each with his last load of wood. It was the last load for the evening, and the last for the week. Simpson was behind as usual. He had been grinning all day long, for he had escaped a punishment easily, but he did not reckon with Him that oversees all things. We had all reached home and dropped our loads, and were watching Simpson come down the hill. The crooked stony path, with a root here and there crossing over it, wound down to the wood shed. About ten rods up the hill was Simpson, he had a large block of wood perched at the back of his neck and shoulders, holding it with his hands to keep it from falling off, when suddenly to our consternation down came Simpson ; block of wood and all ! He had caught his toe under a root, and strange to say, in trying to save

himself he threw his hand on a large rock, just where the block would catch his finger. It took the nail clean from his finger. Simpson gathered himself up slowly. He never uttered a word. He took his finger in his other hand and began to kick his block down the hill. We saw he was hurt and the other boys pitied him ; so they went up and carried his block down for him, and when they were trying to console him in his pain, he said to them, "Don't be pitying me ; this is my punishment, the Lord has done it." And then he confessed that he was to blame, told all about the day's operations, how evil he had been. It was a strange thing to us, and yet we cannot but say that it seems very evident the Lord must have had some hand in it. Ever after that if a child was naughty, they would urge that we should do the punishment ourselves, for they could see a possibility of deceiving us, yet it had the effect of getting them to realise the personal presence of the Lord in common every-day life.

Every evening we assembled before retiring, with all the children in the girl's playroom ; there, we read the Bible, and prayed and sang hymns and told Bible stories, and talked of Christ and of salvation to all the children and the workers, some thirty of us together. Some very blessed times we had in this meeting. On one evening little Johnny, of whom I have told you before, was particularly out of sorts. He had been very ill-natured all day, and now he would neither pray nor sing, was sulky and looked cross, for that is the way of the Indians. The sulk is the meanest disposition to be found among

children. We only spoke to him and left it as before, the Lord would attend to him. Away long in the small hours of night, we were wakened by a most unearthly shrieking. We were very much startled, and soon after there came, stealing through the silent night, a faint cry from the boys' dormitory. Evidently one of them was sick and was crying. We went up to see what the trouble was. Upon our arrival at the door we found it was Johnny.

"Well, Johnny, what is the matter? Are you sick?"

"No," he said, sobbing, "I am not sick, but I thought Gabriel's horn had blowed, and I was left, and all the rest of you was taken"—for, that night in the collection, we had been reading to them about the second coming of Christ; how that with the trump of God and with the shout of the Archangel He would appear in the heaven, with power and great glory, and that those who were alive would be caught up in the twinkling of an eye to meet Him in the air, and those who were not prepared would be left; for Jesus had said there should be two men in one bed, and one should be taken and the other left. And so, little Johnny, was sure in his own mind that he was not prepared; for had he not been naughty all day, and had not repented? "But now," he said, "I will never be naughty again; I am so glad you are here yet, and Jesus has not come." We comforted him the best we could and finally left him asleep. The next morning we found the noise to have come from the

whistle of the Government gun-boat *Concord*, which was afterwards with Dewey at the battle of Manila.

In order, that the children might the more rapidly acquire the English language, they were expected to speak nothing but English in the home. Of course, this was hard for many of them who only knew two or three words, knowing none at all when they came, and naturally they would among themselves talk Indian. This made their pronunciation of English very bad, and interfered with their construction of sentences; so we required them to speak nothing but English except by permission; but they often would get into the washroom or in the wood shed, and having set a watch, they would indulge in a good Indian talk. A few cases of this kind, and we applied a heroic remedy to stop it. We obtained a bottle of myrrh and capsicum: myrrh is bitter as gall and capsicum hot like fire. We prepared a little sponge; saturated it with this solution, and everyone that talked Indian had his mouth washed to take away the taint of the Indian language! One application usually was sufficient; but one or two cases had to receive a second application. From that time, on, progress in their studies was almost doubly rapid, for they dared not talk their own language, and talking English, helped them the better, to comprehend the language; but like all children, they were not always good in everything else. When we first arrived at the Mission the canned milk was continually disappearing, a can or two at a time—no one knew anything about it. Though

everything seemed to be locked ; yet it would get away, and we knew the children were taking it ! Locks and keys make more thieves than any other thing in the world. The natural prying disposition of humanity is intensified by seclusion, and to forbid, is to create the desire for the forbidden. And so with the milk ; they liked it and they took it. A council was called, but no one knew anything about it.

After carefully studying their countenances for awhile, I said, "Charlie Hicks, you are the man that is taking this milk. Now," I said, "You need not deny it to me."

He said, "No, sir, I have not taken it."

I said to him, "Charlie Hicks, if you don't stop lying, I will punish you for stealing the milk."

Charlie's head went down. He said, "Yes, sir, I took it, but Tom made me."

Tom was an older boy. Tom acknowledged that he made him do it ; he would thrash him if he did not get it.

Now, Charlie was kitchen boy and kept the fire for the girls, so that, when they could get into the storehouse he could get in with them, and they all knew all about it, but no one dare tell.

Heretofore the children were impressed with the idea that they were Indians, and they felt their inferiority. We thought it better to teach them that they were our equals, if they behaved as well, and that we did not mistrust them by locking the doors. We told them our wishes, and let them understand that we expected them to be honourable

enough to obey. They soon began to see that we were their friends and had confidence in them, and their love began to grow toward us. We had no more stealing. Confidence always begets confidence. Love begets love. You doubt a child or a man, and you make him a doubter ; you confide in him and you make him honest, true and noble.

CHAPTER XII.

FISHING EXPEDITIONS. THE MISSIONARY AS MAN OF ALL WORK.

IT was necessary to provide food for the children, at the Mission. We would go in a boat to various creeks and catch fish, and either salt them for the winter use, or bring them home to use while fresh. One time in particular, we, with four or five of the older children had gone to "Fish Creek." It was a little too early in the season, the salmon had not yet come ; they were expected any day. But, we had taken no meat with us, for we expected to have had plenty of salmon. We pitched our tent and made our beds in it. It was a fine afternoon, but in the evening it began to rain. We did not know what we should do for meat ; we would not have provisions enough, if there were no fish, but the children suggested that we should pray. I told them they might pray and I fish, so we agreed that I with the boys would fish, and they pray. We had no fish lines ; nothing but a long pole with a great hook of steel at the end of it. With this we expected to catch the salmon. But there were no salmon ! So, we went out with this pole, holding

it down into the water, while the boys pulled the boat. We jerked it up and down, in case there might be some stray fish that might be hooked with it.

As we worked along slowly, something touched the pole! I thought to myself, we are getting into the grass, for, when the tide was out, this place was a field of long grass. Giving a quick jerk upwards, the hook struck and then went through. We had a fish! We drew it up to the top of the water, and behold! it was a halibut weighing about fifty pounds. We drew it into the boat, but it was so violent that it got under a seat where we could not hit it on the head, and in trying to get it out it flapped one of the boys overboard, and so we had to fish him out of the water. However, we brought him out without any serious damage, and had plenty of meat for supper.

Although the salmon did not come, the rain continued relentlessly. We finally went to bed, but, long before morning, we found, that our tent had been set in a hollow and our beds were lying in water. The women were the first to notice it, for we boys sleep too sound; accustomed to being wet, we did not notice a little thing like that. Our friend who had come with us was wet from the back of her neck to her heels, having lain in about two inches of water. But small things of that kind do not disconcert missionaries!

On another occasion, when we went after salmon there were too many of us to go in one boat, so we borrowed a canoe. Hannah E. Sharpless, the

secretary of the mission board then visiting us was with us on this trip. When we got to the creek where the salmon were, the Indians were of a different tribe, and did not like us to fish there. In the night time while we remained, our boat was cut adrift. We did not know what to do. We only had a small canoe, and it would not hold all of us ; but just in the midst of our predicament, two Indians pulled into the village, and sure enough they had a boat of ours, which had been stolen (we thought it had been lost), some two or three months before. They claimed they had found it, but we have reasons to believe they stole it, for, stealing was not uncommon among them, after the Klondyke was discovered ; so we took the boat, although it was not so large as the other, yet it would carry all of us. We paid them something for their trouble and left them.

We went to hunt for our other boat that had drifted away in the night. Some fifteen miles further on we found it washed ashore on a small island, but in going to it, a storm overtook us and we were all but drowned. The breakers were running so high when we landed that I jumped out of the boat on to the ground, and the next incoming breaker took me round the waist. It took the boat and all, and set us higher up on the beach. There was no water on this island to drink, nor any shelter, but, with the help of our larger boat, we were able to get over the rough channel to shelter on the main land.

I had been gone something like an hour, when

I noticed some young eagles flying overhead and screaming. I found there was one, down on the ground, lying on his back, and a large black bear sitting by, watching the chance to grab him. (An eagle always fights on his back.) I watched the duel for a time, and as the bear had two or three good scratches on his nose, and two cubs not far away, I knew the safest plan was to get away, so I left the bear and the eagle to have it out.

That evening the wind calmed, and by rowing all night, we arrived home at four o'clock the next morning, tired, with a few fish, an extra boat, and some valuable experience.

At another time I, with two boys, and a white man and an Indian, went about forty miles from our home to the Takou glaciers. These glaciers begin between two high peaks known as the "Devil's Thumbs," and wind their snake-like course down to the salt water, where they suddenly break off and float away as icebergs. Here, we met a man, who was unacquainted with the ways of these rivers of ice. He was very weary and tired, had been up along a glacier for a long way, and was now coming down. He was somewhere near a mile from the front when it grew dark. He could not go any further that night, so as he knew that glaciers moved, he thought to himself he would just spread his bed on the glacier, and the next morning he would be nearly down to the beach. In his dreams, he thought, that he was nearing the front of the glacier and the ice was breaking off. He awoke

with a start to find the sun looking him in the face, for it was morning. He was at the same place where he was when he went to sleep ! He could not understand it. He thought glaciers moved ! and so they do ; that one had moved one eighth of an inch in the night ! and it moves quite rapidly.

This glacier is about three-eighths of a mile across, and sometimes the whole front will break off at once and come down into the water, making a great commotion. This particular time, that we were going there, the whole bay for one and a half miles wide was literally filled with icebergs, floating everywhere. The water was smooth as a mirror, when suddenly the whole face of the glacier, which was a mile away from us, broke off into the sea. Some five minutes afterwards a great rising swell, that was caused by the falling ice, came threateningly toward us. We were nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore, and in shallow water over a sand bar. It was probably ten feet deep where we were. As these swells run into shallow water they only rise the higher. This one caught our boat, raised it high upon the crest, and rolled us in toward the shore. We were well loaded with camp outfit, and when the swell let us down, we sat solidly in the sand. The water receded, no more swells came, and, to our surprise, we were some fifteen yards from the edge of the water, having been carried more than a quarter of a mile on the crest of this wave ! All we needed to do was to unload our boat, drag it through the heavy sand, back to deep water and reload and go on again. We got our fish, and we

were returning, when we found the bay was completely blocked with ice. To get through we had to push the icebergs apart with our oars. All shades of colours were represented in this ice, from the most delicate hues of green and blue, to the deep, pure colour of clear ice.

In the midst of this scene of beauty a seal put his head up. I up with my rifle and shot him ! We got the seal with great difficulty, for the concussion of the gun caused an iceberg, just behind us, to turn over, and only with the utmost difficulty we were able to keep our we boat from being crushed.

At another time, we took all the children, and a few of the white friends, and went off to a place where an old glacier had receded and left a level area in the pathway. We expected to have a little rest from the toils of every day life. But the mosquitoes were so thick and so hungry that it seemed almost as if they would devour us !

During this trip, a very amusing incident occurred. Indians and prospectors alike, who had been in these parts, had a very strange and awful story of a monstrous bear, of an iron grey colour. They said he was savage in the extreme, and the Indians asserted that he had killed many of them. We knew that he had chased many miners. He was larger than any grisly. There are such bears, known as glacier bears. So the stories were quite possible, and while hunting in the forest, we were not slow to keep an eye for the bear.

Mr. Churchill, an old hunter, had gone with me far up the river. He was standing on the bank of the river

watching for salmon, when suddenly he became aware, that there was another pair of eyes watching for salmon also ! No sooner did he see a bear standing in the water, than, this monstrous bear loomed up in his vision. He did not wait for any introduction in order to see how big he was, but, his hat rising almost off his head, he came pell-mell through the bushes. He said, "I have seen him, he is up there in the river !" His fright was contagious. We both went, and Mr. Bear, hearing us go, went also, but *he* went the other way ! We felt we were quite out of sight, so, waited to know, what he would do. We could hear him splash, splash, splash, through the water. Soon the bushes creaked. We waited nervously. The bear went out on the other side. We drew a long breath as we saw him going up the mountain side. It was only a half-grown black bear instead of the monstrous grisly, but to frightened eyes he was as big as a horse. When we felt safe we could more accurately measure his size.

One day I had been over to Juneau, in a small boat, and there came up quite a wind ; instead of rowing back against the wind, I took a ferry, tying my boat on to it. The ferry boat had a large freight boat behind it, loaded heavy with freight. The tow line was some hundred feet long. My boat was tied up close behind the ferry. When we passed just opposite our own home, about half-way across the channel, I got into my own boat, loosened my rope and was just ready to drop away, when an Indian came out to watch me. There was no one in the freight boat to steer it, and in going forwards it

would sometimes turn to one side and run away out of its course, then the tow line would tighten, and it would turn the head of the boat, when it would go away out on the other side of the course and then return. I was prepared to drop away when it went out the other way. Just as I let go my rope, the freight boat turned towards me. The Indian, seeing my rope was loose, put his feet on it, thinking I would be hurt. I motioned to him to let go, which he did just in time to let the freight boat run me down! It struck me amidships, and turned my little boat upside down! Into the midst of the bay I went sprawling. It was winter, and nearly Christmas, I had a heavy overcoat on, a large knitted scarf about my neck, and heavy Arctic over-shoes. I was not prepared to swim, but I did my best. I had no one to encourage me, for the Indian no sooner saw me go over, than he went into the ferry boat, and sat down and said nothing. He was afraid he would be blamed, and so the ferry boat went on, no one knew what had happened. The freight-boat passed me. I made a desperate effort to get it, but failed, but to my joy, trailing behind it was some forty feet of line. I was able to reach that. I clung to it for very life, worked my way to the boat, and finally round it, then along the tow line, worked my way up to the stern of the ferry and called to the engineer. He immediately stopped the engines and they took me in, landed me safe at the wharf, half-a-mile from home. I had not gone far from the wharf when my clothing was all frozen stiff, except where needful to bend in walking. But my boat was gone. A week

or two after an Indian picked it up, far out at sea and returned it safely. A few days after, we found some of the children playing that they were capsized and they had poured water on a little boy to make him look as I did, when I came home that time.

Our children were very comical in many of their expressions, and rather amusing in their play. I remember distinctly how they used to illustrate the Bible stories which they had heard. One day they were seen down by the little brook near our house : one, as a man, dressed very roughly, represented by one of the children, and another boy and girl, dressed as a king and queen. They appeared to be looking for someone. Soon after, another one, dressed as a raven, brought some biscuits and fed the man at the stream. It evidently was Elijah. The others were Ahab and Jezebel, and after a while, Elijah was found, and there were two altars built. There were two groups of people. Elijah was by one altar and the others by the other. There was a sacrifice placed on each altar. The larger group prostrated themselves time and again, but nothing happened. Finally Elijah kneeled down, with his hands to heaven, and a little fellow lying behind the altar set fire to the whole business with a match. The scene ended with the prophets of Baal fleeing in every direction, and Elijah's sacrifice was consumed !

These children loved tobogganning, of which we had much, the snow being very deep, and sometimes for weeks, with hard crust on the top.

We very often had heavy and hard trials to undergo in this work. The parents would sell their

daughters and then try every means available to obtain them from the Mission when a bargain was forthcoming. The daughters are naturally taught to obey their parents. I have seen a mother eighty-five years old and her daughter seventy, and the daughter was implicitly obedient to her mother, and would be so long as her mother lived. These children never dared, except the bravest of them, to disobey the most distant relative. On one occasion, the mother of Lydia (a fifteen year old girl) came to the Mission in my absence, took Lydia and her clothing, bundled them up and started off. Lydia and her mother were both bigger women than my wife, but my wife saw her going, ran after her, laid her hands upon her shoulder, and said, " Lydia, you're coming back ! "

I cannot tell what it was, whether it was her eye or general manner, but both Lydia and her mother were quiet and Lydia came back, but the mother also followed, scolding all the time as hard as she could but to no avail. My wife stopped her at the gate, told her to stay outside, which she did. Constantly they tried to steal their girls away, to barter them to some debased man, because he had given them so much money.

At another time, when I was away from home, two other girls ran away together.

The missionary must be a man of all work. Specialists have no business in the Mission field. A man should be a preacher, a doctor, a lawyer, a mechanic, a sexton, an undertaker, in fact he must be all and everything. They thought the mission-

aries' power had no limit. We tried to induce them to do their own sewing, introducing these hand-sewing machines, and this I almost regretted sometimes. I remember distinctly one night I had just gone to bed at 10.30. There was a rap at the door. On getting up, a boy was waiting outside, saying, that his mother wanted me to come down and fix her sewing machine which would not sew. I tried to put him off, but no; she was making a burial robe, and it had to be done to-night. So I dressed, and went with him. It was a mile down there. The snow was about six feet deep, the night was dark, and the wind was blowing hard, and the thermometer was about zero, the trails were all blown shut, and if we missed the solid path it meant going up to your hips in snow. I found the house, examined the sewing machine, there was nothing wrong except that the shuttle needed threading! so I threaded the shuttle, said good-night, and struggled home.

I had gone to bed and had slept a little while when a loud rap came at the door. Again I got up, inquired who it was. I heard in coarse English a name. I knew the name and I knew the party so I begged a moment's delay and dressed myself. I opened the door and behold there stood two white men and two Indian women. It was 12.45. I invited them in, stirred up the fire, and we chatted for nearly an hour. I finally asked them what they wanted. One of them, rather red in the face, said, "We come to be married!" I inquired of them why they came so late.

One man informed me, saying, "Susie here, kind o' thought she wanted another fellow," calling him by name, "and I gave her her choice to take him or me, and she decided for me just a little while ago, and I thought before she'd change her mind we'd have it settled, and as we had to have witnesses my friend here and his woman have come to act, and if it is all-right to you, they might as well have their arrangements settled at the same time!"

Another three quarters of an hour and they were gone. It was now nearly morning. Hardly had I got to bed when I was called out again. I was cold and sleepy. This time another mile to the beach and another sewing machine to fix. I found the bobbin was empty; I filled the bobbin, and went home in time to build the fires for the children to get up.

CHAPTER XIII.

INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

THE generosity of the Indian knows no bounds, except when he thinks that he will receive nothing in return. It is a custom among them to be continually giving presents. On a visit among them, at one time, a woman came into the house and threw a bundle into the man's lap. The woman was a stranger to all of us, excepting in name. He unrolled the bundle and found in it a new coloured shirt; according to the custom, he immediately arose, pulled his overshirt off, and put the new one on in presence of us all. In a little while the same woman returned, but he had on the new shirt and she was pleased. If they make you a present, they expect you to use it. You show your appreciation by having it in view.

Upon inquiry we found that this woman was expecting to borrow some money of this man, and this was the first token that she intended to pay it back, the man must receive the full value of what he loans and these extra presents besides. If an Indian says that he will pay you back double for what he gets, you may know for a certainty he intends to pay you nothing; but if he promises to return only

what he gets, you may take it for granted that he will give you presents enough to amount to the interest. They are not stingy and are very hospitable, in fact giving you the best they have, which is not very much sometimes.

A young medical student was visiting us in Alaska, and we walked about ten miles out to an Indian camp. We were very tired when we got there, and we were going to stay all night with them. He had never visited Indians before. When night came on, our beds were prepared. Indians always kill a great many wild fowl, and take their feathers for pillows. Of course they are not washed or dressed, but they make a very good pillow. They take a sack in which they have bought flour, fill it full of feathers, the sack is not always washed previously. But after a while the flour gets pretty much knocked out of it.

On this occasion the Indians were very kind to us, each one giving us his pillow and making our bed—a long straight row of pillows. We could lie on them by lying on our side, but if we turned over we would roll off, but rolling off was a more difficult matter than one might imagine, for in the little tent we were packed in something after the fashion of sardines in a box.

In going to bed our host lay down next to me, and his wife lay down next to him and his children around the other way, enough of them to come just to the door; our feet all towards the centre, the young medical student lay on the other side of me, and some other Indians next to him; the tent was small, there

was just room enough for us all, and if we wanted to turn over it would be necessary to use our elbow to make room. The pillows on which we lay made it more comfortable for us, for it raised us a little above the general level, and we slept very soundly. It is needless to say that we smelt like feathers the next morning.

On another occasion, visiting among the Indians alone, the missionary was invited to dine with the chief. Of course he must accept the invitation. We had seal feet for dinner. There is no muscle in these feet; it is nearly all fat. One foot makes quite a large piece of meat. The old chief had one and he gave the missionary the other. We sat on the ground facing each other. The fat of the seal is not very palatable to our educated tastes, but it must be eaten. He had invited us, and it would shame the host if we did not eat. So taking my seal foot in both hands (for we had no knife and fork), I tried to imitate as near as possible the example set by the chief, excepting in this one thing, that I wanted to get rid of mine as soon as possible.

To say it was a savoury piece would not be true, to say it was greasy is but saying it lightly, the grease ran down between my fingers and dripped off on to the ground. I ate as rapidly as I could, and very soon had it half consumed. The old chief went more leisurely at his, for Indians never hurry. I had eaten so rapidly that I felt that I wanted to rest. I laid my piece on a smooth stone near by to try and get some of the grease off my fingers. All the while the chief was chatting away in his own

language. It suddenly occurred to him that he had the biggest piece. I had noticed how dirty his hands were, and how occasionally he would take one greasy hand and wipe his long hair back from off his forehead, and now with that same hand he reaches over and takes my piece of meat, and in exchange gives me his. Of course he meant it well and I dared not protest, but meekly took it up, and this time I was careful not to lay it down again until it was all gone. It is often far better "to make haste slowly," especially among the Indians !

After they are converted, instead of having their former feasts for the dead and so forth, the Indians make what they call "Christian dinners," a sort of social meal. The bill of fare consists of soup made from venison, potatoes, onions, carrots, and such like, all boiled together, a really palatable dish. As many of the boys and girls after having been in the Missions were good cooks, and could bake cake and pie and such things as well as any baker, a supply of such eatables was usually provided ; they also bought butter and jam of various sorts ; and some of these dinners were splendid to look at, but far better to eat. We were nearly always included in the invitations when a dinner was coming off. A man would purpose in his mind to make a dinner sometime, he did not know just when, for he did not know how long it would take him to make the money to provide the necessary food. He would consult with his friends and his family and they would send out invitations to all those they wanted at the dinner. They often included the lame, the

halt, the blind, and the old people with their friends ; as they understood the teaching of the Gospel.

"Their invitation would be something like this :—
"We are going to make a dinner. Will you come ?"
If we asked them when, they would say, "We do not know yet, but we will let you know." It might be months and we would hear no more of the dinner, until some day when we were busiest there would be a messenger stand at the door saying, "Come now ! So and so has dinner ready," and we must drop everything and go, there must be no delay now. They have set just so many plates, one for each of those invited. If anyone fails to go he generally receives his portion of the feast just the same, sent to him on his plate ; but sometimes it is given to the poor.

One day about noon a messenger stood before our door, saying, "Come now, everything is ready." We had been called a month before, but were not quite ready to go just at the moment. The messenger urged us saying, "Dinner's ready." We hastened as fast as we could, but it takes us so much longer to dress than it does an Indian, and upon our arrival we found they had given us up and thought we were not coming, for they were not quite sure that we would accept the invitation, but, however, we were there. The host and his family had seated themselves at our places. They had eaten about half of their plates of soup, and left the other half when we came. They immediately arose and gave us our places. They did not change the soup nor plates, nor wash the spoons. We sat down and

waited, expecting them to at least change the plates, but they made no move towards it, so I ate the soup that was left for me, but my wife was not quite prepared for such things. It was a little more than she was accustomed to. I soon found her nudging me with her elbow, and then she exchanged plates. I now had her half plate of soup to eat, for if we refused to eat this soup the Indians would immediately say we were proud, and would then have no more to do with us, so to save our reputation I ate her soup, but our assistant matron sitting at the other side of my wife was in a like predicament with her. She did not feel disposed to eat what was before her, so when I had finished the second dish my wife very cleverly exchanged dishes again, this time the assistant matron's soup came my way. I had nearly soup enough, but like an Indian I had acquired the habit of eating when I had it, and when I did not have it, of doing without. I had it this time and so I devoured the last. Now the women could get fresh soup, and they did nobly by it.

After the dinner is over the custom formerly was to tell stories of Indian bravery and such like, but now it is to tell stories of the Christ and of the good things of the Gospel. While they are telling these stories, the host having bought great quantities of food, more than can be eaten, continues to distribute the plates according to his own whim ; the remaining food, naturally in some cases a great pile, is found around the plate, three or four loaves of bread, a dozen apples, oranges, candy, and sometimes handkerchiefs are provided according to the notion

of the giver of the dinner. In the meantime story telling is indulged in.

I remember one story told by an Indian, how that a certain man had made a feast and it was before they were Christians. He especially emphasised that ; and that when they were cooking the soup on the fire and were talking and laughing, the host went to get some pepper to put in the soup, and got the snuff box from its place instead and peppered the soup with snuff, afterwards, not knowing the difference, set it before his guests ; of course they must say nothing about it, and in courtesy they must eat it, after which some of them became sick. He especially emphasised that as Christians they had no snuff box, there was no danger now. After this story, many others followed, then there was a song and several offered prayer. Then the provision around each plate was safely deposited in a bag which had been brought for the occasion, and taken home as a sweet savour of the feast.



CHRISTIAN INDIANS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INDIANS AT MEETING.

WE must now relate something of the meetings that were conducted among these people. The native is naturally of a stolid, undemonstrative character. He will listen as long as you want to talk, then you in turn must listen while he talks. You must let him finish as he did you. Among them are many very earnest preachers, but above most stood the saintly Aaron Koohk-now-woo. He was not an attractive man, for, in fact, his face was much disfigured—his cheeks were scarred and his nose was gone. This is how it happened. He was next to the chief in rank, his family were high in culture, as Indians go. Coming in contact with some Peniel Mission workers he became convinced and converted. No longer would Aaron drink and carouse as he used to do. No more old fashioned feasts for him. He was now a Jesus man ; but his parents (though he was forty-five years of age) protested. His mother declared that he should not be a Christian, and they did everything they could to discourage him. All their former efforts failing they finally got up a big feast at their own home. They went through all the old customs and ceremonies,

but Aaron would not participate. This angered his mother and his father so that they determined to make him do something that would be wrong. They secured two of his brothers and the four of them procured a bottle of whiskey ; they took poor Aaron and tied his hands and his feet together and then poured the whiskey down his throat. Needless to say Aaron was drunk. When he became sober they told him " Now, you are no Jesus man, you were drunk." Aaron prayed, and asked God to forgive him, and promised in vocal prayer to leave his father and mother as they had become his worst foes. This so surprised and angered them that they resorted to another bottle of whiskey. Aaron struggled but being half stupefied could do but little. In the scuffle he was dragged out of the house and left in the snow for dead.

It was nearly morning when he awoke, all night he had lain out and was stiff with cold ; his face was one mass of blood. A friendly Indian came to help him into the house, and upon washing his face it was discovered that his nose was gone. His mother on being questioned declared she had done it, saying he did not need to think he was going to go to heaven and break the family, for they were all going to hell, and if they were all there he had to go too, and now the Lord would not want him with his nose gone.

Aaron left home and remained until his death a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus, going about holding meetings everywhere ; a sweeter, kinder spirit is seldom known.

Our work among these people often obliged us to make long journeys to visit them in their camps. The only way we could get from place to place was by an open boat, and as it rained incessantly in the summer, our blankets were often wet, our clothes were wet, and often the food was wet. Many a time have we wrung the water out of our blankets and slept in them all night, while our wet clothes were drying over the fire, then had to rise early the next morning and go through the rain for hours and hours to the next camp.

Our elder, Dick Smith, and myself were out one day and came to a little camp of twenty Indians. These Indians had never heard the Gospel before. We had a little to eat and then called a meeting. I could not yet speak the language, and Dick did not understand English very well, so in half English and half Chonook I told the story of the Bible from first to last. As we sat around the fire in a small log house, we talked and they listened till midnight. When we offered to stop they signified they wanted us to go on. Finally daylight came and I begged leave to stop, saying, "We'll finish another time."

Dick said "No, if you stop, I will go on, they want to hear."

I felt ashamed, and we went on all day, and for thirty-six hours without food or sleep—we told the story of the Love of God, told it the best we could. These Indians sat through it all, none slept except the children, none ate until it was finished. When it was over we waited in silence, perhaps five

minutes, when the eldest one in the house slowly and with well chosen words declared his intention of accepting the Gospel and believing in Jesus ; likewise one after another, until seventeen declared themselves Christians. So far as we know they have remained firm to the present time.

If Christians were willing to pay the price they would see the fruits of their labour. It costs something, but it is worth more than it costs.

On the Mission premises was a good strong building which was called the schoolhouse. It was used for school and also for meeting purposes. For several years we had no other place for worship.

Some very amusing things are associated with our gatherings in this little house for meetings. Here is a description of a meeting.

At the appointed hour we saw the Indians come streaming up the side-walk from their homes a mile away. There is one thing peculiar about the native, the whole family goes to meeting, it is disrespectful for anyone to be left at home, and this is how they come : the father first, followed by the mother, and then the children, intermingled with the dogs and cats. They all come ! Thus they filed up into the school-house for meeting. The men and women sat in the seats, the children on the top of them, and the dogs underneath. Ordinary dogs might have been tolerated, but these were not ordinary. They look more like wolves. Their hair is about two to three inches long, and stands straight out from the skin. Their little pointed ears also stand straight up, a long

slender nose, small sharp eyes, and the broad head indicating their wild origin, yet they seem very docile. Some of them hopped on three feet looking hungry and lean. They were frightful to look at.

It is a very good trait in the Indian character that he will not kill a poor faithful animal simply because it becomes unprofitable ; it goes with the family as long as it can go ; of course, when it cannot go any more, it is left behind, what else could they do ? And on this occasion they filed into the meeting house all together until it was crowded, and the door was shut. Many of the Indians had been eating dried fish, some of them prepared salmon heads, the odour of which was not very pleasant, with the dogs mixed in, it was almost unbearable. But we were not there to criticise, we were there to preach the Gospel. We opened the windows, but that did not suffice, although it was better.

The time came for us to preach. My heart sank within me. What could I say to them ? It seemed almost impossible to find a text to suit the case. I wanted to get rid of those dogs, I did not want them in the house, the Indians were enough. In my perplexity an inspiration came in the form of a text in Revelation which would meet the present need. The text read, " For without are dogs." I know there is some more of it, but that was all that was needed then.

I arose to my feet, and through an interpreter spoke to the people. I spoke for nearly a half-hour, trying to explain to them what this text meant ; that characters like dogs were outside, and finally

leading up to the one principal point that dogs themselves belonged outside, not in. I think I never was so hopeless in all my life. As we talked, I looked for some expression in their faces, but if their features had been chiselled in marble they would have changed just as little. I could not say that they stared at me vacantly, for they seemed to understand everything that we said. I did not know whether they meant to unite and tear me to pieces, or whether they intended simply to entirely ignore all that was said. I was thinking it was about time to stop when I saw an old man sitting on the end of the bench about halfway back to the door, reach under the bench slowly, and deliberately take his dog by the back of the neck, pull him out from under the seat, and start for the door. Those in the aisle made way for him. The dog resented the action ; he did not want to go, and talked about it rather loudly ; a neighbour's dog under the other bench seemed to think it meant him, and he came out, apparently to put a stop to it. It was not polite to be making a noise in meeting anyway. But it was not long before the two were vieing with each other as to which one could make the most noise, and they were tumbling about and biting at a fearful rate. Now a third one came on the scene, and the three of them, with the old man hanging to the neck of one, were doing their best to settle the matter. The old man never looked around, but simply held to his dog and got him to the door and pitched him out ; then shut the door and slowly and deliberately made his way to his seat and sat

down. No sooner had he taken his seat than a woman across the way, proceeded in the same way. Her dog did not want to go either, and resented it likewise, but there was no sympathising friend this time, the others seemed to have taken the hint, they remained quietly under the benches until she put her dog out and took her seat. No one seemed disturbed, everyone looked steadily at me, no one smiled and there was no excitement, save among the dogs, and that had now cooled down. I thought it was over, but one by one each fellow took his dog and put him out, until the last one was outside. Then we went on and finished the sermon, and the dogs outside settled the matter satisfactorily, for we could hear them at it. From that day to this we have had no more trouble with dogs at the meeting-house. They came with the people for a few times after, but finally ceased altogether to attend.

In a few years the little school-house was too small to accommodate the meeting, so the people came an hour before the time in order to get a seat inside ; oftentimes women with babies being too late to get in, would stand outside the windows and bargain with those inside for a seat. They would raise the windows in the coldest weather, then pile wood on the outside till they could stand up and look in. On one occasion a woman with a baby was too late, but got a place near a window, when seeing an acquaintance inside she offered him a quarter for his place, which he accepted, and climbed out through the open window and the

woman with her baby climbed in and occupied the purchased place.

The Indians often have meetings in their own homes. I have seen them in a little room, about 10 by 12 feet, where they would crowd in as long as they could stand inside ; no ventilation, no fire, but in the midst of this crowding, souls would cry out to God. They could not even kneel down to pray, but borne up one of another would pray to God in any position until the Gospel became of such power in our place that for a year there was not a meeting in which there were fewer than five converted. So enthusiastic did they become that if a man came into the village he either had to repent or leave the town. They would not let him rest, he could neither eat, nor sleep, for some one would be after him about his soul, persuading him and telling of what the Lord had done. One man literally gathered up his tent, loaded his goods, and left the town, for he would not repent. They meant him no harm but were only anxious for his soul.

At our watch-night meeting we began at seven in the evening, and continued till past twelve (though this was nothing uncommon, for very often our meetings continued till two in the morning), but this meeting seemed a time of special blessing, the very thought of the dying old year brought death before them ; and the breaking of the dawn of the new, brought the resurrection. Many a stubborn heart was brought to Christ at these times. After having been converted he went immediately to his home ; sometimes many hundreds of miles, and

there spread the news of the Gospel of salvation. Others went out to the camps and told the story. Many believed, but needed teaching; this required us to visit them and strengthen their hands in the good work. There were many we could not visit, but we could not refuse them all.

Often the way was long and dangerous. Once when going a hundred miles to visit the Indians at a place where they had been pleading for help, a strong north wind was blowing in our face, and it was so cold that the waves as they rolled over the steamer froze to the deck. Men were lashed to the side for twenty minutes at a time, chopping the ice as it got thick enough to block off, else we should have turned over on one side. The wind was so strong we only made about one mile an hour against it for twenty-four hours. The steam from the boilers could not even be utilised to heat our rooms, every bit of power was being used to propel the boat. After much difficulty we reached our destination, and had a very warm welcome from the waiting people.

There being other denominations at work among the people we found it necessary to organise them into a sort of "Daniel's Band," as we called it, that they might work with those of other denominations in harmony, and that they might understand that there were no divisions among Christians. In fact the sect line was almost obliterated amongst us. We knew no denomination.

Among these Indians were some very promising young men, one of whom was Robert Harris.

Unfortunately, like many of his race, he had indications of tuberculosis. He was a powerful preacher of the Word, but after having preached the gospel with great power for about three years, he, like many a white man, felt he needed more education, and laid down his commission to go to school. This proved disastrous. The confinement fostered his consumption. He returned to his gospel work and grew better and back he went to school. He was soon down again, this time never to recover.

To give you some idea of what we had to deal with, here is an incident which illustrates the character of the work. In the meeting, one Sunday morning, there was a man from the interior, who had been invited to come. He was a stranger to us, and to grace. More than that, he had two wives ; he was a man perhaps seventy-five years old and one wife was older than he, having been his brother's wife before this. His other wife was a young girl about seventeen years of age. She was rather a comely Indian maiden, above the average in intelligence. None of them had ever heard the gospel. They were all inveterate users of tobacco.

One morning they came to meeting. We preached to them of the saving grace of the Lord Jesus, His love for all, even for the poor Indian. It seemed to touch their hearts. They longed for freedom from the bondage of the devil, and in Christ they saw hope ; and after the meeting they came together into the inquiry room. We had much conversation with all three of them and with others ; they all

claimed to have accepted Christ. We were hopeful, but had learned not to be too hopeful at first.

In the evening they returned to the meeting again ; they listened respectfully, and went home much pleased. Their faces seemed to shine with a new light. We had said nothing to them, nor had anyone else, about polygamy or the use of tobacco, for we never think it wise to say anything about such things, but rather left it to them and to God.

The next forenoon I was busy writing. The mail had come from the States. It only came once in two weeks, and we had to hasten to get the replies written and ready for the out-going mail. While thus occupied, there was a knock at the door. I looked up and could see that it was the old man of yesterday's meeting. I invited him in and quickly asked him what he wanted. He told me he had come to talk about being a Christian. I told him I was glad of it, though all the time I was wanting to get on with my writing, but I had to wait till he was ready to talk. Finally he said " You know I told you I wanted to be a Christian."

" Yes, I remember."

" Well," he continued, " I still want to be one."

I told him I was glad, I hoped he would always want to. He replied that he always did want to, but he wanted to ask me one question. I told him to go ahead, I would answer it if I could.

" Well, you know, I have two wives."

" Yes, I know."

" Now, I want to be a Christian, and I will be one, if you will let me keep both wives."

I said to him, "Why, my good man, that I have nothing to do with, that is between you and God. If He will let you keep them, then you can keep them. I shall say nothing."

"Look here, Minister, did you not tell us that the Lord had sent you here?"

"Yes, I believe He did send me" for there was nothing ever plainer in my life than that God had called me to this field.

Then he said, "If the Lord has sent you here, He would not have sent you and not told you what He wanted us to do."

I now saw he had me. I either must say I was not sent, or I must declare that the Lord had not told me anything, which would mean I had no message of any kind ; or else I must tell him what he must do. These thoughts passed quickly through my mind. I felt the responsibility of a messenger of the King as never before. I felt now that the Lord had put me in His place and had spoken to me, and now I must impart it to others. And quicker than it takes you to read it, I plainly told him, "You must put away one of your wives." I did not say any more, for I wanted to get out of it as easily as I could.

He grabbed his hat off the floor and put it on his head hard, and he said, "I thought you was a good man. I thought you was a Christian, and I wanted to be a Christian, and you have only made me sorry. I do not intend to be a Christian."

I said to him, "I am sorry for that, I hope that you will think it over."

He said, "What I have said, I have said," and left the house in a terrible rage.

I think I was too busy with my writing to grieve much over it, I was rather glad he had gone, but I was sorry for his decision. I went back to my writing. I was getting on well. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, when behold he made his appearance at the door again. He came this time rather meekly and humbly. When he knocked at the door, without turning I told him to come in. He came in and sat down. I went on writing. I knew it would take him some time to make up his mind to talk. After a while I turned around to him.

He said, "Now, minister, I have come back to tell you that I was wrong this morning." (My heart beat within me, I thought after all he was coming right). He continued, "I really want to be a Christian, and I have come back to ask if you will let me keep my young wife, the old woman is no good any more, and I will promise sure to be a Christian if you will let me keep the young one."

I told him "No, the old woman was his wife, the young woman was only recently taken, it was the old woman or none."

He flew into a rage and left the house forthwith, and I was glad to get rid of him.

I finished my writing as best I could that evening.

I was just preparing the next morning for a trip, and I was writing down the last instructions that I had to leave, when behold here comes the man back. I saw who it was; he knocked at the door. I did not answer him, for I was busy. He finally opened

the door without being asked, and meekly slipped in. I went on with my work. It was nearly half an hour before I had finished, and I turned round to find him standing in the middle of the floor, his hat in his hand, and his face downcast.

He said, "Minister, I have come back to see you this morning."

I said, "Yes, you did that twice before. You are like the wind, you come back very calm, and then you howl before you go away."

"No," he said, "I am very happy this morning."

"I am very glad of that," I said, "tell me about it?"

"You know I got angry with you yesterday."

"Yes," I said, "I know it all too well. Are you sure you wont do it again to-day?"

He said "No, I am not going to be angry to-day. Last night when I went home from here, my young woman was gone ; she had run away, and I have hunted for her all night, and have not found her yet this morning, and I have come back to tell you I believe the Lord has done it, that He has made her run away, and now I will keep the old woman, and we will die together." Then he added "If the young woman comes back, she need not come to me. She is free."

So the old man left ; he has remained a faithful Christian ever since. It is needless to say that the young woman returned in a few days, and some months afterwards was married to a nice young man. They have now a family of sweet children, and so far as I know are all living good Christian lives.

Upon one occasion a woman after hearing the Word of God arose in the meeting, and declared in public her determination to be a Christian. All the while she was speaking she kept rummaging in a long pocket of her dress skirt; and down in the bottom of it underneath a great many handkerchiefs and such things as belong to women, she at last found and pulled out a great plug of tobacco. It was nearly a foot in length. She held it up before us all and said, "Here, Mission Charlie, I want to give this to Jesus." We all laughed. The idea of Jesus wanting such a thing as that. I told her that He did not use the stuff, it was only intended for mountain goats to eat. So she deliberately walked to the stove, and put it in the fire.

To the credit of the Indian, to become a Christian meant to do away with tobacco. There were no dirty, filthy mouths among the Christian Indians.

There was one half-hearted man who came up to see me at the Mission. He had been much among the whites, could speak some English, and had learned some of the white man's ways. He was a professed Christian. I was going to meet him, but he did not notice me. As I came nearer to him I thought he was smoking. I was not quite sure, but I had no time to satisfy my curiosity. Upon seeing me he put both his hands in his coat pockets and came smilingly towards me. I noticed by his breath that he had been smoking. He did not know sufficient English to explain himself so he demonstrated with his hands; this took them out of his pockets, and while we were talking I noticed a

little smoke rising out of his coat pocket. The tell-tale cigar had burnt a hole in his new coat. I told him his pocket was on fire. He jammed his hand into it, only to get it burned. It was not long before the cigar had to come out of his pocket. Together we succeeded in putting out the fire but his coat was ruined. He afterward hung his coat in his own room as a witness between him and God that he would never smoke again. I have reason to believe he has not done so.

CHAPTER XV.

GROWTH OF THE MISSION.

WERE we to speak of the natives only, we should scarcely tell half of the great work that the Lord had laid upon us. Were not the white people whom He had called into that country as much His children as the natives? though it is true they came in search of gold, and would be gone as soon as possible, yet He Who has the riches of everlasting life also had His messengers in that distant land.

Scarcely two years had passed away when a number sufficient to organise a monthly meeting had been gathered into the Church. In fair justice to all, it should be said the Mission force did not consist only of those sent by Kansas Yearly Meeting, but in the early part of our trials some whites, whose hearts the Lord had opened, lent a helping hand. Among the first to come to us were Edward and Ora Churchill. The former was the son of a Baptist Minister, and originally probably was no better than the proverbial "preacher's boy." He had wandered over much of the world before coming to Alaska. His wife was well educated and a very capable woman.

After being converted they joined the Friends. She is now an elder and he an overseer. We cannot

speaking too highly of their services. Through all the discouragements, through all the difficulties, they stood nobly by our side. There was no task too hard, there was no service they could render but what was readily granted; they did not join with the majority of white people in belittling the native, they saw his limitations, they knew his weakness, but lent a hand to help him.

From this nucleus the meetings grew in numbers; the white people from the mines continually came. They would sit with the natives, and listen to the English, and think it over while the interpreter told it to the natives. Finally the house became too small, it would not accommodate the growing congregations. We felt it needful to notify the whites that as we were sent directly to the natives, they should not, must not, expect us to preach to them. The natives had begun to feel a little out of place, there were too many white people they thought. To meet the growing need we organised a meeting especially for whites, in which the natives were welcome but only English was spoken, except when a native desired to give testimony, which often happened. The miners often came and went away impressed with the sincerity of the natives.

A man named Harvey had attended our meeting once or twice and then had gone from our place to the Yukon Territory. From there he went back to the States, married a young woman, and returned to Alaska. One Sunday morning we saw them coming through about six feet of snow to attend the meeting. The trail was very narrow, and his wife not being

used to the snow often stepped aside, and to step aside from the trail in that country meant to go clear to the ground. Several times she was utterly covered with snow. They made their way to the school-house on the hill. In course of time they were converted and became Members of the Society. He is now in business in the State of Washington and is a faithful Minister of the Gospel.

Of all the noble helpers who came to the work I cannot now tell, but will mention Chas. and Gertie Bodwell, who are at present missionaries in Central America. And John Lundquist, who at the call of the Lord, left his wife and children and met us in London, and went as interpreter for us through Norway; also James Campbell, who in obedience to the Spirit, lived a life of faith for the sake of the natives. Then of those faithful women, who against odds and much discouragement, counted it as nothing that they might be of service to their Lord.

For seven years we had a S.S. Teachers' meeting which never missed a session until it became a Bible reading which was attended by whites from far and near. We organised a Christian Endeavour Society, having forty-two active members at one time, and a Junior Society which is still in existence. There was a Women's Missionary Society, all these among the whites.

At one time we had a Rescue Work very efficiently provided for. Many are the experiences some of those dear women have had in their efforts to save their friends.

On a Wednesday evening, with the wind blowing from off the top of the mountains across the bay, we began a series of meetings. It was blowing a hurricane and fearfully cold. The old school-house was very open, and we had to sit near the stove to keep warm. It was such a gale that it was almost impossible to go outside. There were only two souls who ventured to come. One was an Indian and the other a white man. The white man in coming to the meeting had lost his hat, the wind having taken it far into the mountains, no one knows where ; but he came on to the meeting. His ears were nearly frozen. The three of us sat about the stove, Dick Smith and I on one side, and Tom Nelson on the other. Tom was not a particularly attractive man, having lost one eye in an accident years before, but the peculiarity about him was that he had run away from a meeting in San Francisco and now he had got into another. He thought they had no business to tell him he was a sinner and here they told him the same. We talked awhile and prayed. I talked in English, Dick Smith (for that was the Indian's name) talked in Chonook, and together we managed to get Tom to understand something about Jesus. When the time came to go home, Tom had no hat. Dick took the scarf off his neck, and he gave it to Tom to wrap round his head, and together they went home. That night the Lord met with Tom, and he yielded up his heart to God. In a month or two after this he went to the Yukon, there I understand he did well, preaching the Gospel to those who worked for him.

Many times in our going to the meetings from our home we had great difficulty in getting through the snow. We lived on the hillside and must needs go about a quarter of a mile out of our way down the hill and back again on the other side of the creek to the meeting. It so happened one Sunday morning, the wind was blowing fearfully again, which it often did, in fact the snow was light and it was blown everywhere. If one walked through the snow, in two minutes every sign of his having been there would be obliterated. My wife said at the breakfast table, "Children, you cannot go to Sunday School this morning, it is too bad." But our children began to cry, saying, "We have not missed yet, and we want to go ; please let us go."

After much persuasion I told the children that I would take them, and do the best we could. Bundled up head and foot we plunged into the snow, some six feet deep on the level and very soft. I soon saw I could not wade it, so I told the children just simply to bundle up and lie down and roll. I went first, the little girl after me, and with her our little boy, who was born in Alaska. We rolled safely down till we got to a beaten trail, where the wind had blown it bare. We were safe, and from there we went easily to the meeting.

My wife and the others at the home could scarcely be expected to do such feats. But they were made of different stuff than we had calculated on. They had inventive minds as well as the rest of us. Going up into the attic, they found some old shingles, dry and brash. They started to make themselves some

snow shoes, but in the operation got the grain turned the wrong way. They bored holes in the shingles with an old pocket knife, tied strings on them and tied them upon their feet, and sallied bravely forth to glory over us. Lo, the first step they made, the shingles split in two, and left them floundering in the snow. But they would not be beaten. They gathered their skirts about them and came down the hill just like we did; they rolled down. They finally reached the beaten path, and woman-like, you know, they got up, shook themselves, looked all about them to see if anybody was looking, and became aware that every door and window within sight was filled with heads of children and women and men who had been watching the sight. Yet our Meeting House was full that morning, despite all the difficulties. I have often wondered how it would look to see our earnest Christian people in this beloved land going to meeting in that fashion.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WORK OF EDUCATION.

WE will now come back to the condition of the native. He is a shrewd man, highly intellectual, and a careful reasoner. He does not reason about things and come to conclusions in the same way that we do. However, he will obtain the same conclusions though he reasons in a round-about method. We reason directly at it, he, rather, as though reasoning behind it, and coming finally to the same conclusion. They cannot be said to have had any schools, in which they could have learned these things, except that we might say the teaching of the old to the younger constituted their school. In fact, one of the best mental drills that I know of anywhere in existence, is practised among them.

When a young man has attained the age of some sixteen or eighteen years, and is old enough to be a man, the chiefs or prominent men in the tribe take him in charge, and on suitable occasions sit down and tell him a story. He must listen and say nothing. It may take two or three hours to tell this story. The young man, after hearing it, must go to some other old man, who also knows the

story, and must repeat it word for word. Of course he cannot do it right at first, and is severely reprimanded at every mistake, but in course of time he is able to repeat it perfectly. For this reason the Indians are able to repeat everything verbally without mistakes. As one of their number, I myself have had some very thorough drilling in this method. They are acute calculators, seldom ever making a mistake ; their numerical calculations are in ratios of ten. They are apt pupils at learning.

Upon the purchase of Alaska by the United States Government, there were a few schools found in the country which had been established by the Russians, their main purpose was to teach the Greek religion, but our Government early noticed their desire, and, in order to benefit the natives established Government Schools. These schools were to be in the hands of efficient teachers, who themselves were Christians of some one of the various denominations that had undertaken mission work in Alaska ; and thus the Government school teacher became a missionary as well as a school teacher. This soon caused some difficulty, as the Mission Boards and the Government requirements sometimes clashed, and the missionary found himself in a position where he must decide between the two, sometimes severing his connection with the Mission Board, and at others with the Government.

At the various stations, as fast as means could be obtained, these schools sprang up. These missionaries oftentimes received part of their remunera-

tion from the Mission Boards and part from the Government. A similar compact existed at Douglas. The Government school teacher was also the missionary in charge. It so happened that the teacher recommended by the Friends' Board to the Government, could not make satisfactory arrangements suitable to himself with the Government, and they appointed another teacher. This teacher, while highly recommended, was not at all suitable to teach the natives. This brought plainly to our mind the possibilities of what might happen under such conditions. We therefore notified the Government that henceforth our own buildings would be used by our own teachers.

Heretofore we had not been very successful in getting the beach children to the school. We now appointed our own teacher, and set to work inducing all the children, grown people, grey-headed fathers and mothers, in fact all, to come to school, and the result was that we had children in school of all ages from six months to ninety-one years. It was really interesting to see an old woman bowed with age wrestling with her primer, and trying to learn the A, B, C. They were stimulated to their task by a desire to read the Word of God, for, having abandoned the Mission Home and most of the children being provided for elsewhere, we were now free to extend our work more freely among all the people. Thus many of them, having been converted to God, desired a better education.

So anxious were these people to obtain an education that they would come early, even before day-

light, and some would remain as long as we would let them, toiling until their heads ached. Women brought their babies, and it became necessary for us to prepare a place and beds to deposit these little tots, while the mothers struggled through their primers. Sometimes there were as many as a dozen babies in the school at once, and of course, sometimes babies cry, and when one did occasionally cry it seemed more like a common labour strike, for every other baby in the house struck up with it, and the poor schoolmistress, would be almost distracted, but nothing could be done until the babies were quieted, and then go on with school again.

The little fellows were so anxious to learn to write that they very often begged a piece of chalk to take home with them, and sometimes took the chalk without asking and you could see on every rock along the beach the effect of the school ; for it was C A T, B O Y, in fact it was "A, B, C" in every nook and corner. You could tell there was a school in the village from the signs around.

One little girl in particular, whose mother had learned to be very neat and clean, and whose house floor was always scoured until it was almost as white as sand, not having any chalk, found a piece of charcoal in her mother's stove, and having no better place, used the floor. Her mother, on coming home, found the floor literally marked over with all the different words the little one had learned during the day. It is needless to say that she received a full course of instruction, and adopted a different plan later. She obtained a piece of chalk at the school,

and the next Sunday morning, as the people filed into the the Meeting-house, on the back of her father's Sunday coat you could read the word D O G. She meant nothing, only it indicated her desire for knowledge. So great is their anxiety to learn to read God's word that the sacrifices they undergo are wonderful.

One poor woman, having been forbidden to come to school, did without food for three days until her husband relented. A little boy nine years of age, being refused the privilege of coming to school, lived for two weeks on nothing but berries in the mountains, until his uncle relented and he could come again.

Ofttimes the parents and relatives railed at us, saying we were making fools of their children, we were making them lazy. They had never been to school and they did not need to go. Some said it made their children think their parents were fools, and all these various ideas of human superstition had to be overcome, but gradually little by little the mist faded away, and the sunlight of knowledge began to rise.

CHAPTER XVII.

“DICK SMITH”: A STUDY FROM LIFE.

MY readers may be pleased to know something of the particular leadings and dealings that bring an Indian from his heathenish state to a knowledge of Christ, his Saviour. We propose in this chapter to give a concise account of the life and conversion of Dick Smith. It will be a fair sample of the majority of the Indian lives. Dick Smith (as we called him) was originally known as “Sitka Dick.” His Indian name, Dis-ke-kah, when interpreted is “the man in the moon.” He was far from being the man in the moon when first known to the Mission.

He obtained the name of “Sitka Dick” because of his bad character. He was a terror to every man in his tribe, and an expert distiller; he could make hoochinoo (an Indian whiskey) to perfection. He could make it so that a pint could keep a man crazy for days together. Besides that, he was the ringleader of all their dances, feasts, and old customs. He had the most unpromising face you ever looked upon; high cheek bones and deep sunken keen eyes.

Dick worked hard and was wealthy. When the Indians had their feasts and drunken bouts, Dick

was often in demand. If his wits failed him (and it took but little of this horrible whisky to deprive him of them) his muscle was invaluable.

After a few natives had found peace in their souls, it became their earnest desire to see Dick "saved," but none of them dared speak to him about it, for they were all afraid of him. So they asked me to go and see him, which I did.

Dick was a firm believer in witches. He had oftentimes helped to burn or torture them. Sometimes they were tied to a stake and whipped or cut with knives. Other times they were tied to a tree and starved until they confessed. This was part of his business as a leader among the people.

Dick was constantly in trouble with his relatives. Like some other people of better reputation, he did not always agree with his mother-in-law, and they often had differences. These were usually settled during a drunken bout. Dick had made some very bad "medicine" (as they call it), and was more rude than ordinary when his mother-in-law undertook, as mothers-in-law do sometimes, to teach him to behave himself. Now, with the character of the whisky and the man in whom it was, the result was disastrous, and when it ended the mother-in-law was bleeding to death from a wound from Dick's teeth, and a young man had lost a hand, and another was dead.

When Dick got over his "revel" he found that his property had all been taken to pay for the deaths he had caused, it even took all that his people had in addition to his money to pay for the damage; for that

was their way of settling it ; it was paid in blankets to the friends of the deceased. He must now repay them all that they had paid out for him, and interest too, and it is marvellous how they compound interest on each other. It meant practically that Dick would never be a free man again. He might go on as leader, but he was bound to pay this debt to his people. He must have some extra good fortune if he was ever to be able to pay it, or his children either. This made Dick more accessible.

I approached him in one of the times of his depression. He was feeling his condition very much. He was invited to come to meeting, but he would not come. The next time I saw him I invited him again, with the same result. The invitations were continued for some time. Finally Dick concluded to come, he got as far as the door and sat just outside on the steps, he would not come in ; he was too proud, he was not sufficiently humbled yet. But the next Sunday found him at the Meeting House again, this time just inside the door.

So Sunday by Sunday Dick came, each time getting a little closer to the front, till after two or three months he stood up boldly and declared his conviction of sin, and his determination to follow God. For a time he seemed very happy, and became quite an earnest helper in the meetings. But his people pressed him for their money, and he worked hard every day to pay his debt. They told him, " You have just turned Christian to keep from paying your debts," and they taunted him with everything they could. He paid as far as he could,

until he had nothing left for himself. He had eight children, and it was hard to keep their mouths full, but the Lord was merciful to him and took some of them to glory, thus relieving him of the sorrow of seeing them go hungry. He was getting old and could not work as he had done before, and he was often discouraged.

He came to us one day and said he hardly knew what to do, all the time there was before him the visions of those witches he had helped to kill, and others that had died at his hands. His wickedness seemed to be rising up before him, and in his anguish of spirit he wept like a child.

I told him that Jesus would forgive him for those things, and if he had faith it was already done.

"Yes," he said, "I know Jesus has forgiven me my sins, I know. He has forgiven me for what I did in that case, for I did not know any better. But is there not something, somewhere, to help me get rid of this miserable torment? When I pray about it, I feel that I am forgiven, but it is before me all the time. I feel like David, that 'my sin is ever before my face.'"

I saw his trouble, but how to reach his case I knew not. How could he, an Indian, understand the deep things of God? They are but children.

Now when I went to Alaska I had a theology all planned out. I said, "Certainly the Lord can forgive these children of nature, although they can never receive the 'fulness of the Spirit,' for they cannot understand." I had placed the filling of the Spirit upon the plane of the mental understanding ;

here was a case that seemed to upset my theology. Here was a hungry soul, a soul of as low a type as I had ever met, and with as homely a face as I had ever looked into. But there it was, a heart longing for the "fulness of the Spirit." It could be nothing else. What must I do? Break down my theology? It was a pretty piece of logic, and kept me above this poor creature, for I had understanding. No, not for one moment could I deprive him of a single thing that God had placed within his reach. If his soul hungered for the "fulness of the Spirit," he should have it. With him I humbly petitioned the Lord not only to fill him with the Spirit, but to help me to know the will of God. After reading the Word of God plainly together, we could see that the Word was to all men, even to those that were afar off; and had he not been afar off? As his soul began to comprehend, his face began to shine, telling of the brightness that had come into his soul. From that day to this he has had peace. He has never lost the shine upon his face. He often calls that day his birthday. He often explained it to others as though he was simply forgiven. As he said, "The gate was opened before, and now I have come in." A sweeter soul could not be conceived.

His first care now was for those that professed Christianity but were not "filled with the Spirit." He was constantly urging the Christians to be "filled with the Spirit" as the end of their hope, and assuring them that Jesus will give them a home in Heaven. "They were not to work for Heaven," he said, "but to be 'filled with the Spirit.'" He that is a Christian only

that he may get to Heaven is a slave, but he that is a Christian will get to Heaven, for he has made Christ his friend. He very often quoted the text, "I call you no more servants but friends, for the servant knoweth not what his master doeth." He now became the main force in the meeting, and as the Monthly Meeting was organised, he was appointed an elder, and a right good one he made. He was ever watchful, ever careful, for the flock over whom the Lord had placed him. He constantly went from place to place urging men in his own quaint way to accept the Lord of Glory, and to receive the Holy Spirit.

Once Dick had gone with his son to a distant village. They had been holding a series of meetings, but the people were not very ready to hear, only a few came to the meetings. There were about three hundred people in the village, and probably about thirty or forty came to meeting. Two weeks they toiled, pleading with them to be saved, but the majority were not ready to give up their old ways. If they could have taken the religion of Jesus and attached it on to their own ways and customs, as a boy attaches a tail to his kite, they would have done so immediately. But Dick was uncompromising. They must give up the old life and take the new, or they could not have Jesus nor the promise of the Spirit.

One evening he stood with his hands outstretched, telling his little audience that "the time would come when the Lord would not only terribly shake the earth, but the heavens also," and that Jesus would then appear in the clouds of the sky "with power

and with great glory," to the consternation of the nations ; that then many of the people would " call upon the mountains and the rocks to fall on them and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne." They could readily understand such language, for the mountains were towering high above their heads just outside the house. Did not the rocks sometimes crash down into the valley ? Great ones too !

They were listening, all was quiet. Dick was waiting for his words to sink deep into their consciousness, when suddenly there was a roar, and a hiss, and a rattling ; houses were tumbling down, the whole earth was shaking, heaving up on one side, and then up on the other. The building in which they were met was being shaken to its very foundations. What could it be ? Mingled with the falling of houses and the rattling of stones from the mountain sides, came the shrieks of women, the cries of children, and the groans from the men as they rushed about in the darkness seeking somewhere for shelter. The only house left standing in the village was the one in which the meeting was held. It was an earthquake, a very uncommon thing in that country. This had been one of extreme severity, it seemed to have originated far out at sea, and had cut an island in two, sinking half of it until you could just see the tree tops above the water. The direction of the earthquake was landward. But in the Indian village, twenty miles up in the country, where Dick was preaching, the inhabitants soon found this one house standing and they all went to meeting. They did

it in a hurry and found a ready welcome. The whole village turned to God that night.

Was it strange that this should have occurred just at this time ? Perhaps. However strange it may be, it has made a Christian village out of a heathen one, for they have proved true to God ever since.

One day Dick was working in the mines, with six Indians. They were using "giant powder" (or dynamite), for blasting the stone away. One of the young men came up with a quantity, and laid it down on the rock until ready to use, when another carelessly let an iron bar fall upon it. A fearful roar, a cloud of dust and flying rocks told the tale. The men were bodily hurled a distance of twenty or thirty feet, but none of them were seriously hurt. Dick was standing almost over it, and a white man who saw it, declared Dick was pitched thirty feet straight in the air, and came down where he started from. He was not hurt in the least. It was marvellous. He said "The Lord was between him and danger, and had taken the bruise on Himself, rather than that it should hurt him."

Dick's theology was very simple, but it swayed his whole life. He often said that it was no use for any man with a stolen bearskin in his house ever to come to God and ask forgiveness, he must restore it fourfold, for God would not forgive him so long as he kept that which was not his own.

A native once took advantage of his story, for when a neighbour who had stolen a bearskin offered to return it, the owner demanded four instead of one, citing Dick's exposition in meeting. The poor

fellow was compelled to get the four, and the episode had a very good effect on all ; at that price, stealing was too expensive a luxury.

At another time Dick was speaking to the people of the marvellous faith the Apostle Paul possessed. He told them of his wonderful deliverance, and of the "thorn in the flesh" that beset him at all times. What has puzzled theologians of all ages, seemed to be clear enough to Dick. He said it was a crooked back. That his back was broken at the time he was stoned, dragged out of the city and left for dead, but that the Lord raised him up again, and his crooked back was often the cause for people to make fun of him. Wherever he got the idea we are unable to tell.

One day we invited Dick to bring his wife and children, and come to have a meal with us. He very gladly accepted the invitation, and next morning at 6 a.m., as we were eating breakfast, much to our surprise, we saw Dick with his wife and four children coming along. We had not prepared for company so early, but we shared what we had, and made the best of it, and they were happy.

At Christmas time there was always a great deal of festivity. The Indians loved to celebrate the birth of Christ. Many and many a Christmas dinner were we invited to. On Christmas day, we had to eat seven Christmas dinners. After eating a little at one house, we had to rise from the table, and go on to the next house and sit at their table. We dared not refuse to go, because if we failed to come after having been invited, it made them ashamed. We soon learned to begin softly on

Christmas day, and end in a better condition at night.

The following incident happened about Christmas-time. One day Dick came up to our house, and said to me, "Charlie, if you do not care, I will not make you any Christmas present this year." It astonished me, I had not been thinking of him as making me a Christmas present.

"Well," I said, "all right, Dick, I do not care, you do not need to make me a present." I did not ask him what he was going to do, for that would have been too inquisitive. So I simply said I hoped he would have a good Christmas.

He said nothing more, but smiled and went off.

Truth to tell, I really wanted to know what he was about to do, and I determined I would find out somehow, but how, I could not conceive.

Christmas time came on. I had failed thus far to find out anything more, although I had cautiously asked many neighbours, and I dare not question him. I thought I would bide my time and see.

Christmas Eve came. Always on that evening the younger people among the Indians go out serenading. Just at midnight, you will hear their sweet songs ringing out upon the air, and some of the best singing we ever listened to was in those times of serenade. The Indians are naturally gifted singers, and the inspiration of the hour seems to lend enchantment to their voices. Christmas is the greatest time in the year for Alaskans. Everyone goes in for enjoyment. The mines all closed down, the men can have their holiday. The one plague

spot in the community is the drinking saloons, which like great ulcers eat into the life of the people.

I had all the evening before me, so I thought I would saunter down the village, and see what Dick was doing. I put on my coat, muffled my head as much as possible, and set out. I came to the beach, and was walking along at some distance from the buildings, the tide being out, until I should come to Dick's house.

The path was filled with staggering Indians, laughing girls, bright-eyed babies, mingled here and there with miners, all with jolly, radiant hearts.

There was Dick's cabin just in view, yes, I saw it now plainly, that was his. There was a light shining out of the window. I went on till I stood directly in front of the window, and there on the sash in the middle of the window, stood six lighted candles in a row. It was a warm, welcome light that shone out of that window. Pasted on the glass were some letters; they were so arranged that they spelt the word "Jesus." Now Dick could not read, but he knew the word "Jesus," and he had taken some newspapers, and searched out the proper letters and arranged them on the glass. True enough, they were not all the same size, but they were properly arranged, while the candles behind made them stand out in bold relief for every one that passed.

I went up and tried to peep in the window, but it was too high from the ground. I tiptoed as high as I could, but I could not see. I heard a noise in the cabin, someone was talking. I listened but I could

not understand what was being said. I went round to the door, but it was closed. Then someone walked, as though intending to come out, and I had to go away, so I just stepped behind the cabin. It was Dick who came out, and some one was with him, but they soon parted. I wondered what he was doing. He walked down the beach, and mingled with the people. A little while later I saw him take hold of a man who was staggering along from drinking too much, and lead him into the cabin. This time it occurred to me I might hear. I tried at the door, but to no avail. So I climbed on the roof, the cabin not being very high, and there I could hear what was being said. I lay down flat on the roof with my ear against the board covers. I heard the clink of knives and forks, spoons and dishes, and then Dick talking, and the man mumbled something, but Dick never listened, but went on talking. He was telling the story of the birth of Christ, saying "Christ was born on this night," and then on through His life to His death for sinners, urged him to try and remember. The man kept mumbling something, but all the time the plates were rattling. They were in there a long time, Dick talking all the while. In course of time they came out, the man walked straighter, and in the light of the window, I could see him wiping his mouth. Dick went on down the beach again, and a little while after I saw him return. He had two cripples, one on each side of him, and three or four others were following him, and one or two were going in ahead of them.

"Now is my chance, I shall hear this time," I said, "because these are not drunk," so lay very quiet for fear of detection. Again the same rattling of dishes, only louder this time. Dick's voice a little higher. I could hear it better. The same old story, if anything a little more enthusiastic. It seemed like the music of bells upon that wintry air. I thought I'd slide down, and see if I could not peep in at the door. I imagined it had not been tightly shut. The lumber that covered this cabin had warped and pulled the nails that held it on, leaving them protruding some half an inch. I had been lying on some of these, and one fastened hold of my coat. When I arose it left a three-cornered hole to tell where I had been. But sliding down, sure enough the door was open about two inches. Everything inside was plainly visible. There stood a table, well-filled with all the good things that could be purchased. There were ten hungry men eating with both hands as fast as they could, and beyond, at the head of the table, stood Dick, his face all aglow, warmed to the theme he was telling. Now and then the listeners would stop to hear, and seemed to be satisfied, but they went on eating again until they had had enough, but the story was not done. Now they, in turn, sat back and listened attentively.

After a while they rose to go. I felt I had no business there any more, and I left as quickly as I could. Dick's secret was now mine. I never dared mention it to him, for that would have told on myself, and to this day he has never told me about

it. Whatever he did on Christmas, as far as he is concerned, is a secret. I suppose, had I not been so inquisitive, he would have afterward told me, but we have positive evidence that from the result of that Christmas Eve we have fourteen earnest members in the Church. Who can say his example is not a good one ?

Here is an incident in Dick's life which reveals the depth of of his devotion. Before he was converted, he was quite a leader in war, and his tribe, the Sitkas, were often at war with others, and by stratagem at one time succeeded in inducing their enemies to come in to their village to accept the hospitality of a feast. In the midst of the feast, the enemies were all murdered. The tribe had never been strong enough, after that, to retaliate, but enmity lurked in the hearts of the few.

One day as Dick was walking down in front of his village, the chief of the tribe of these old enemies was coming up toward him. They had not met for many years. They both professed to be Christians now. As they approached each other, Dick held out his hand in recognition, desiring him to shake hands. The old chief put his hands behind his back and stood up perfectly straight, which was an insult sufficient to have caused war at any other time. Dick only stepped a little closer, and offered his hand again, hoping to persuade the man to relinquish his spite. The chief only leaned back a little further and positively refused. Dick urged him, saying, "We're Christians. We have put away all of our enmity, let us be friends.

Jesus said, we should love one another," and in so saying he stepped another step nearer, and a third time proffered his hand. This time the old chief straightened himself a little more, raised his shoulders, threw his head back, then with one quick, dexterous move, literally spat a whole mouthful of tobacco juice in Dick's face.

This was adding insult to insult, but Dick calmly drew out his red handkerchief from his pocket, and slowly and deliberately wiped his face. The chief looked for trouble, but it did not come. Dick said to him, "At one time you would not dare to do this, but now you may do what you will; I am a Christian, and do not hate you. Come, sit down here on this log, and let us talk the matter over."

This was so unexpected to the chief, that he reluctantly obeyed. What they said cannot be told. In a little while they slid off that log together on their knees in the open air. After that they arose and warmly shook hands, and ever since have been fast friends.

The old chief no longer uses tobacco, declaring it to be unchristian.

Many are the times of blessed service we have had with this servant of God : so faithful, so earnest, and so devotedly true to the spirit at whatever cost.



CHRISTIAN INDIANS.
Members of Society of Friends, Douglas, Alaska.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STORY OF ANNA. ADVENTURE WITH A CINNAMON BEAR.

ONE day while making our round of visits on the beach, we called at a cabin that was very dilapidated in appearance, with a great wood pile just outside the door. It was a cold day, the snow lay about two feet thick on the ground. There was a little girl about nine years of age cutting wood with an axe. She was barefooted, had nothing on but a thin calico dress, no underskirts, nothing on her head ; her feet and hands were blue with cold, her hair was flying in every direction as the wind blew it. in fact, there was no telling when it was combed last, but it was in the common condition among these people. But the child was not a common child. At first she might be taken to be a white child, very fair skin, blue eyes and light hair, uncommon for an Indian. Upon our speaking English to her, she only smiled. Being spoken to in Indian she ran away immediately, and her mother soon appeared upon the scene ; a great fat Indian woman, weighing perhaps three hundred pounds. The child was slim and pale looking. After some talk with the mother we went home and thought about the matter.

It was a pity about that child. Evidently her father was a white man, though her mother was an Indian, but such occurrences are not rare. We made up our minds to get this child, if possible, and see what could be made of her. After a great deal of parley, we succeeded in getting her guardians to let us have her to train in our Home. We could have bought her for a small sum as our own, but this we would not do. Still we knew it was only a question of time until she would be sold, and this made us the more anxious to preclude any such arrangement. She was to remain with us till she was of legal age, eighteen. We found her a light-hearted, good-natured child at times, but wonderfully deceptive, a persistent thief, and fearfully sullen at other times.

To teach that child and bring her to see better was a terrible task. She had the worst elements of both her parents, making her untrue and unfaithful. But she had one good quality, she was not lazy. She was always willing to do something ; it was for us to sit at the helm and steer the course of her life.

There were no locks or keys in our house. This at first was a wonder to her. She was often found looking over things where she had no business, though never but once did she ever attempt to steal. When about twelve years of age, she was able to speak English fairly well, and was a good interpreter. She was now ready for sale, and her mother wanted her. We refused to give her up on the ground of our contract. She had also become a proficient Sunday School worker, and had a class of white children in the Sunday School, which was con-

stantly increasing. She herself looked more like a white girl than an Indian. Her mother constantly saw her, but contented herself with the thought of her increasing value, and began to remind the child that she was only an Indian, with the intent to keep control that she might command obedience when suitable.

One day there came a reprobate, luckless Indian, who could talk English, and seeing Anna, for so we had named her, he desired to take her as his wife. He had ruined a number of families, several wives had left their husbands on his account, and now his avaricious nature sought this innocent girl. Indian fashion he said nothing to her about it, but spoke to her parents. They bargained with him for 250 dollars as the sale price. The Indian had thirty-five dollars cash in hand, and he paid it over. The other was to be paid as soon as possible. The mother immediately took him in, called him her son, then came for Anna. She wanted the girl only to visit her in her home. We let her go down to visit her people sometimes, and they used these opportunities for this young man to press his case.

Whenever Anna went to them, the whole family of relatives, aunts and uncles and cousins congregated, and praised the life of this young man to her, and the young man professed his love, which was too much for the girl's heart. It was the first love she had ever had, and one day she consented to be his wife. She was but fourteen years of age. But the question was how to get her. The parents tried to persuade us to let her go, but we had

learned to know them, and held them to our contract. Finally they tried to persuade her to run away. This she would not do, for we had been very kind to her, and she did not like to hurt our feelings. But we told her if she desired to go, she might. If not, we would keep her. Then she decided to stay with us. Her parents laid several plots to get her away, but every one failed. They finally made an effort to steal one of our children, but they failed in that too. After a while they became more bold, for 250 dollars was not to be let go. They began to come every day threatening all sorts of things if Anna did not go with them. They reasoned, they argued, they did everything.

Finally one day, as we were working at the new meeting-house, a young Indian was sitting by talking to me, he was Anna's uncle, her mother's brother. He was very interesting in his conversation that day, had been talking for a couple of hours, when I heard the bell ringing at home. I knew immediately what it meant. He had attracted my attention and kept me busy, while the parents had gone to the Home to secure the girl. It was only a block away, but it was across a deep ravine. I plunged through the ravine to the house, came breathless in at the front door, to see Anna's father with one hand on her neck, and the other hand holding both of hers, trying to drag her out of the house, while her mother was keeping between them and my wife.

I was amazed at the audacity, and commanded him in tones he understood to take his hands off the

child. He refused to do it, but Anna being thoroughly frightened, and finding his hold had relaxed, wrenched herself loose, and disappeared. He scolded and fumed a great deal. He could not swear, because Indians have no swear words. He did everything else sufficiently, and took his departure, vowing vengeance. This was about noon. My wife was making bread.

In a couple of hours, a friendly Indian came around by way of the woods from the mountain side, and notified us that these people with their friends were coming back to take our lives if need be, to get that girl. Could we have a little time. She was kneading the dough. No, there was no time to be lost. This friendly Indian departed as he had come. Needless to say that we did not tarry long, but my wife, without even washing her hands, threw her things on her shoulders, gathered the children, and took Anna down into the town. The white people there secreted her and the children, while I myself went to the beach among the Indians. The mob gathered, and made its way to our house, but the birds had flown. They all returned to the beach except Anna's father, who remained hidden under the walk, where it was raised high enough for a man to creep under it. I was going back home to investigate, when a white man told me of the situation, and he, with two or three other white men, went up and dragged Charlie out from under the walk.

They sent him about his business, much to his own disgust. It was midnight before we all got

home. The dough had run all over the pan, on to the table, and down on to the floor. But they were foiled, and Anna was afraid for her life, and constantly told us she believed they would kill her if they ever got her. So we needed to protect her if possible.

A few days after this, their desperation reached its extreme point. They had worked up their courage until they were ready for murder. They would have that girl at any cost. They had tried lawyers and judges, and every conceivable plan, but had failed.

It was getting towards evening. There seemed a something stealing over me as though it came from the nether atmosphere. I felt something dreadful was going to happen. I guessed what it would be. They were going to make their last effort. Anna was upstairs, in charge of the Assistant Matron. My wife and children were put into our own room, while I remained alone in the front room, having locked all the back doors (something not usually done). I left the front door unlocked. If they came, they should not get behind me, if they killed me, they should do it face to face. I was quite ready to die, if need be, for right. Still, I did not know they would come, only I felt that they would. I took my Bible and read.

I was sitting in the rocking chair near the middle of the room, facing the door. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked on to nine and then to ten. It was pointing to half past ten, and it was very dark outside. I heard someone walking on the side walk,

just outside the house. In a short time I heard a rumbling noise at the back doors, also muttering voices. The next door was tried, it was locked, and each door and window in turn was tried at the back of the house, with no avail. Finally through the glass in the door the figure of Charlie was seen. He took hold of the knob of the door and gave the door one fearful push, throwing the whole weight of his body against it. It was not locked as he expected, and it flew open easily. It almost threw him off his feet. He had a belt strapped about him, a large hunting knife stuck in the side. He gathered himself together like an animal, and stood before me. I sat still in the chair. I said to him, "Good evening, Charlie," as kindly as I could. He just grunted. It seemed to make way for him, and he stepped forward and stood directly over me. Still I sat and looked at him. He very threateningly drew his knife from its sheath, took it in his hand, and raised it directly over my head.

He said, fiercely, "I have come for Anna."

I said to him, "You know, Charlie, you cannot have her."

He said, "Then I will kill you."

I said, "All right, you are quite welcome to do that. I am not afraid to die. I have made my peace with God long ago, but before you kill me I want to talk to you a little."

All the while he stood and held his knife over my head. I could see his wife standing outside and looking in through the door, which stood open. I could see that he was exceedingly agitated, in fact

he was like an infuriated bear, and evidently meant to do what he said. I reasoned with him, told him that if he should do such a thing as this, the law would hang him. He only trembled and stamped his foot, saying he did not care for his life anyway. I thought he would strike me then, but he waited. Again I assured him that I was quite ready to die, and that he might kill me when I had finished, only I desired him to listen till that was done. I told him that if the white people found it out, they would tear him to pieces, limb from limb, they would not even kill him decently, but this only angered him the more, he did not care for his life, he only wanted Anna, and seeing that I would not give her up, he wanted my life. But this failing I began to reason with him on a different course. I told him that I quite well understood that if God wanted me to come home to glory now, I was perfectly satisfied, but that God would require it at his hands, for He was looking down and saw all of this to-night. God saw how his heart was not right, and as for how I should die, it was but a small matter to me. If I was to die by his hands I was quite ready to go that way. I further told him that perhaps it may be that God would not let him be killed if he should do this deed, but rather, that God might protect him and save his life, and that he might live on and on until he would be old and blind, until he would be forsaken by everyone, until he would cry out a thousand times for death, but could not die. This seemed to touch him. He knew what terrible sufferings old people had to undergo. Beside that, I told

him that the Lord, seeing his condition, would let this vision of his deed be before him all his life, that it would haunt him like a ghost, and he never could get away from it. He would be in misery, who could tell how long ? It would be hard to tell what the Lord would do, but this was one of the things He could do and might.

It seemed to unnerve him. I think I never felt more calm and confident in all my life, I was no more afraid than if I was sitting in my own parlour alone with God, for the man before me was nothing. I pitied him, and having finished what I had to say, I looked him plainly in the face and said to him calmly, "Now Charlie, I have finished, and I am ready."

Instead of his striking me as I fully expected he would, his arm gradually dropped to his side, he put his knife back in its sheath, and staggered backward to a chair, and fell in it as pale as death. His lips were trembling, he was undone, the Lord had vanquished him.

The victory however, was only short-lived. His wife seeing him fail came bolting in at the door, her great proportions filling it entirely. She had in her hand a stick about six feet long and about two inches in diameter. Evidently she intended to help to finish the work in case of a fight, but when once in the room, she seemed dazed, and hesitated and stammered, looking around as though she thought someone was hidden somewhere. I still sat in my chair. She began a regular harangue, telling me all sorts of things I was, and things I was not ; all the time giving emphasis to her words by regular taps

with her stick on my knee. It did not hurt me much at the time, though I walked lame for two or three days from it.

Having finished her argument, she and her husband went out of the door, and left me alone, vowing vengeance at some future date. I followed them on to the porch outside, and I laid my hands upon their shoulders and spoke to them of Christ and His love for their souls. They finally shook hands with me and went away.

It was now past midnight and we all retired. I was very weary, but slept soundly till morning. About ten o'clock the next morning on looking out of the window I saw them coming again. They had the same stick, but one end of it was on his shoulder, and the other on hers, and hanging from the centre was a large salmon. I knew what it was meant for ; it was a peace offering. They laid it down outside, came in at the same door they had entered the night before, and upon the same spot where they threatened my life they knelt together, asked forgiveness of me and of God, and prayed and wept until the carpet was wet with their tears. After being assured that they were forgiven, they seemed very happy, and from that day to this have been faithful and true. It costs something for souls, but they are worth it when obtained.

Their daughter was for ever given into our hands, we were to do with her as we liked. One thing was required, that we should always teach her to remember her parents and not deny them. This we had been careful to do.

Anna is now in Kansas in college, doing admirably well.

There is a very great need for a tract of country to be given to the native for his exclusive use, which he can feel is his home and where he can be free to enact his own laws, so far as they will agree with the constitution of the United States, where he can develop himself into a worthy citizen. There are ample resources by which he can make his own way. The country is full of mines which, had he a chance, he might develop, but better still, in every stream there are innumerable salmon. Canneries are being put up at many places, producing a very large percentage of profit. The Indian is in his natural element at such business. He would be ready and able to carry it to a successful issue if he had the means to begin. If a suitable place could be secured from the Government in which they could be colonised and industries fostered, they would soon become self-supporting. Otherwise it will be the same old cry. They will soon need to be supported by the Government because the onward push of the greedy hand of civilisation can be seen gradually, but surely, occupying every foot of valuable space.

When in Alaska, we often have to take our guns and obtain meat for the household. Upon one occasion I was going across the channel over into the mountains of the mainland to hunt for ptarmigan, of which there were usually an abundance. A miner with whom we were well acquainted desired to go with me. He had leave of absence from work for one day, so each taking a shot gun we set out

together. Our cartridges were all loaded with very fine shot, for these ptarmigan are very tame. Oftentimes one can get near enough to hit them with a walking stick. For this reason the shot must be very fine or they will be torn to pieces.

We crossed the water in a small boat, walked about four miles up the valley to some mines. There were a number of miners at a boarding house erected there. We thought perhaps some of them would go with us, but none cared to go. They said they had seen a large cinnamon bear with two cubs that morning in the valley, and advised us not to go. We knew cinnamon bears, and when they have cubs, they do not give you the road, they rather claim the whole country for themselves. But we made light of the fears of the boys, shouldered our guns, and went on up the valley.

We had to climb the mountain side to the top to get the birds. The forest was very thick ; fallen trees, steep precipices, and the like impeded our progress, so that we were glad when we found a bear trail leading upwards. We began to ascend ; climbing was easy. We saw fresh bear signs all along the trail. There had been a bear there not long before. It was not an uncommon thing to see signs of bear at any place, and we thought bruin might be miles away by that time.

We climbed on through the bushes, and emerged above timber line. We had the open mountain for it now.

Finding no birds here, I wanted to go further along the top of the mountain to the head of a

glacier. My friend, however, was tired, and thought he would lie down in the sun and rest awhile. He did so, and I went on to the top of the mountain and returned. No man could be seen. I shouted and shouted and no answer returned. I thought perhaps he might have gone home, so I turned to the other side of the mountain, where I shot one or two ground hogs which were sitting out in the sun. I then went in search of my friend again. I shouted, with no result. Finally I became anxious. It was time to go home. I stood on the very rock where he said he would wait for me and looked all round, and then I thought I would fire my gun. This I did, both barrels in quick succession. As I fired my gun something moved just at the base of the rock. I looked down some twenty feet and there he sat, the firing wakened him. Together we started home at a brisk pace. We looked down over the side of the mountain, and seeing a gulch that was filled with snow we determined to go that way. It was very narrow at the top, but it seemed to widen as we went down. The snow being solid enough for us to walk on we concluded it would be easier to walk down that way, and we were some little distance below the upper end of it, walking along and talking. The snow had widened until it now was lying about forty feet wide, and it stretched in a long narrow strip far down the mountain side. It looked as though it reached to the bottom.

We were congratulating ourselves upon what a nice way we had found, when suddenly there was a snort just behind us, intermingled with a growl,

and we turned to see, not two rods behind us, a monstrous brown bear with two cubs. She did not stop to parley, but plunged into the snow after us ; but her ponderous body was too heavy for the snow to bear her up. She literally went in all over, wallowed and growled and finally succeeded in clambering back to the place she came in. We did not stop to see how long it took her. Our hair seemed to be raising the hats off our heads. I know I put my hand on the top of my hat to be sure it was on. Together we went pell mell down the snow, but the bear was not so easily to be got rid of. Getting to the edge she dashed through the bushes down along it towards us. We unconsciously angled to the far side ; there were no trees large enough to climb, and the only thing to do was to run, and this we were doing our best. But the most unfortunate part of the whole situation was the presence of the two cubs. These were the most cantankerous creatures I ever saw. They would run out on the snow and run after us and scream, and then run back to their mother in the bushes, and every time they screamed it only angered her more, and then she would dash down through the bushes again, leaving them behind, and, in order to keep up, they would run out on the snow again, and naturally would catch sight of us. This only brought forth another scream from each one of them and back into the bushes they would go. Repeatedly doing this angered the mother so that she was perfectly frightful. She began to roar at us.

The snow fortunately was getting wider and the distance she would need to come was farther. We were going at full speed. There was a steep cliff on her side. She must either come into the snow to go round it or make a circuit through the woods. She took the circuit. This gave us a little time, but the cubs came out on the snow, and they seemed to just settle down and howl, and the mother began to answer back. Cold chills were going up and down my back as we sped on. To our dismay the snow seemed to "pinch out"; it gradually narrowing down until it was no more than ten feet wide.

What were we to do? The bear was making the circuit of the cliff. We knew she would be back, for there sat those miserable little whelps, yelling all the while. We could tell about where she was from her answering. We ran to where it was the narrowest. We were horror struck, a precipice two hundred feet straight down and a perfect water fall descending out from under the snow on which we stood. There was no way possible to get over it. What should we do? The bear was coming nearer, one plunge and she would cross it. There was no escape unless it was over that precipice. We had no guns we could defend ourselves with. Our fine shot would be useless. We tried one other plan. Our decision was made quicker than it takes to tell it. I gave my gun into the hands of my friend, and gathering hold of some shrubs growing on the edge of the ledge at the opposite side of the snow, lowered myself down. I knew,

if I fell, I would go into the snow two hundred feet beneath, but that was better than to fall into the paw of a bear. I was pleased to find that I could just reach a shelf or rock beneath the ledge. My feet once firmly set, I called to my friend: he pitched the guns to me and followed.

From this place we found a zigzag way down the rest of the cliff and reached in safety the snow beneath. The cubs had ceased to cry. We heard no more of the mother. We thought we would look up and see what had happened; and as we turned we saw the mother standing just where we came over, gazing composedly down at us with one cub on each side of her. We were tempted to sting her nose a little with the shot we had, but as there was five miles between us and salt water, we preferred to leave her in peace.

CHAPTER XIX.

REAPING TIME.

THE first two or three years in Alaska seemed times rather of sowing than of reaping. It was slow uphill work. Discouragements loomed up before us at almost every turn, and but for our hope and faith in God we should have become utterly discouraged.

As time went on, the seed-sowing having been faithfully done, there came the time when the reaping began. The Lord sent His angels and began to gather in the harvest, and during the first two years three of our Indian children passed over the river. This was disastrous for us, and the people became very much afraid to leave their children at the Mission for fear they would die.

After the training home had been abandoned, the work began to spring up as if by magic. There was accumulated force, gathered during those few years of utter darkness. Our little school-house became utterly too small for the growing congregations, and the Spirit of the Lord seemed to have spoken and told us He expected us to have a larger place of meeting ; but how to get it, that was the question.

It takes money to build houses, and money we had not. It took all the efforts of our Committee to keep the Mission in necessary funds for other expenses. When we proposed to build a house, they could not see their way clear to do it. Finally after some six months of trust in God, it seemed laid upon all of us at once, without consultation together, that it was right to proceed to build. Even the plan was revealed definitely, the size and all. Every minute detail of the building was laid before us, when the plans were drawn out, and the estimates were made as to its cost, subscriptions began to come in from those who knew, the Indians in their poverty subscribed as much as six hundred dollars. The white people likewise gave what assistance they could until we had means enough to buy sufficient lumber to begin to build. We determined not to purchase anything unless we had the money to pay for it, and on these conditions we had the frame work all up, when official notice was received to go no further until further orders.

In about a month from this time there came one of those winds peculiar to that country. It got inside those four walls, and one morning we saw them torn to the ground, the lumber lay scattered and broken. Two white men and some Indians came shortly after and found us all but *discouraged*. It was not so much because of the house, but were we, after all, mistaken in our leading? Was it possible God had not told us to do this? And these dear Friends who came to see us



FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE, DOUGLAS, ALASKA.

about it, especially the white men, were not even Christians. But one of them said, "Never mind, the house will go up, we'd like to go over and gather the lumber together, and pile it up for you." They gathered it all up nicely, where it remained for two long years.

During this long time of waiting the work went on and we obtained additional funds from various sources, carefully putting them aside for further work. Sympathising people often came and freely gave their gifts. Even some of the saloon keepers said to us, "If you will come down to my place of business one hundred dollars are waiting for you."

It is needless to say I never went. One saloon keeper in particular offered us fifty dollars which we firmly, but politely as we could, refused. He inquired why we should refuse. He was plainly told that we could not put anything in that building that would bind our mouths when preaching in it against the pernicious habit of selling drink. He seemed to understand and in three months closed his business and has not kept a saloon since. Finally the needed help and instructions came, and three years after we began we moved into a beautiful well-built house free from debt.

We also found our work not only growing at home but away from home. As I have already mentioned, as soon as an Indian was converted, his first desire, like that of Andrew, was to find his brother and bring him to Christ.

Among many others was one, Sam Williams, who was untiring in his efforts. We found him first in

a little dark cabin, with a small stove and one bed in it. Sam was sick ; pneumonia had almost done its worst. But as he was yet conscious we pleaded with him to give his heart to God before he died ; then we felt that he might be better and we told him this would not do, God had better things in store for him. He laid his hand upon mine, and he said, "If God will help me, I will never forsake Him." We secured him some medicine, and in a short time he was well. He then publicly gave himself to God, and from that day to this he has preached the Word faithfully from village to village.

As the Indians have no regular meeting in their fishing camps it often happens that some earnest soul will call one and speak to the people who care to come together. A woman entirely unable to speak English was holding meetings for her people in a fishing camp, but the white men of the village wanted to come to meeting as well. She therefore found a ready interpreter among her people who could speak English, and then preached to the whites. The result was a white man yielded his heart to God, and has become an earnest, zealous worker.

As we became better known throughout Alaska we received appeals for help from many other places. Shortly after the Mission was opened, the Superintendent having had a call from some Indians 110 miles away, desired to visit them. He found no ready means by which he could go. Upon applying to the Government, they appointed him as teacher and provided him with an interpreter to go among

this people. He had been among them but a few months when a sloop came into their little harbour with two white men in it, whom the Indians alleged were selling whiskey. The teacher in charge persuaded them to let the whiskey alone and it would let them alone ; but they said no, that while they might let it alone themselves, yet there were some of their people who would not let it alone. They said he was sent there by the Government and they looked to him to keep all things straight and right, and now if he could not make these white men leave, they would have nothing to do with him. He could see the sentiment was against him in the village unless he did something. He knew that if they got whiskey enough and became drunken, that his life was of no value whatever. Finally, to clear himself of any responsibility, it is supposed that he proposed that if some would go with him, they should go out to the sloop and take it captive, and turn it over to the Government. Eleven men volunteered, and they went out in a canoe. They boarded the vessel, and took charge of it. After binding the owner's hands and feet nine of the Indians were sent ashore, two being kept on board to navigate the vessel. They were just lifting the anchor when one of the white men got a hand loose, found a pistol in his boot, and fired a shot through the missionary. The details are not very clear, but it seems that the two Indians immediately jumped overboard. One of them was shot as he was swimming away from the sloop and sank. The other one, in fear, swam back to the boat and was

climbing up on the side when he in turn was shot and kicked off into the water. This time they thought it best to shoot the missionary again, as the first shot had not been sufficient. Still this did not prove fatal until they arrived in Sitka some three weeks after. He was unconscious but still alive, and died in a few days.

These men gave themselves up to the Court, Indians' evidence not being taken, as a rule, in Court, they declared they had killed the man in self-defence, the case was dismissed, and they were free.

Such was the condition of affairs at the time when Silas and Anna Moon, then at work at Douglas, laid the matter before the Oregon Yearly Meeting of Friends and were appointed to continue the Mission so rudely deprived of its worker, and up to the present time the Mission has continued with the same workers in charge.

When on a visit to this Mission, we were once becalmed, and for eleven days lay helpless upon the sea. As I sat on the deck, I thought how the idle Christian, the one with no spirit or life in him, is like a full-rigged ship, but with no wind to fill the sails.

A peculiar incident occurred on this trip which has a lesson in it for us. Having drifted some distance, night had come on, and it was quite dark. We could see only the forms of the mountains. But in time we were carried into a small bay. We cast the lead several times. Finally, the water was shallow enough to anchor. We hove the anchor

overboard, let out cable enough as we thought, and lay by until morning, and having made all snug, we went to sleep. We had slept some hours, when we awoke and found our vessel drifting. We could not understand what it meant, and as the outlines of the mountains and shore came to view, we were not twenty feet from the rocks, for instead of having anchored, as we thought, we had cast our anchor on a beam of logs which lay in the bay. I have thought how often we Christians cast the anchor of Hope upon some drifting, portable object, and lie by in assurance, until the storms of life wreck us on the shores of Time.

A very urgent appeal from the Esquimos of the the far north-west lay heavy upon our hearts. There was a young lady boarding with us, a member of California Yearly Meeting. She had been sent out by California Friends, and was teaching school while looking for a location in which they could begin a Mission of their own. This work among the Esquimos appealed to her, but the cold, the hardships, and the lack of help seemed almost insurmountable, still her faith was great. As she was not able to leave her school at that time, we made a trip to California and explained the matter to the Yearly Meeting, and asked them to take up the work. On the way to California the vessel was wrecked upon a rock in a narrow passage between some of the islands. No one was hurt, and we reached port safely.

After returning to Douglas, Anna Hunnicutt herself journeyed to her home in California. She

continued to press the work, and by the middle of May the Yearly Meeting had procured 2,500 dollars.

Accompanied by a young Friend minister and his wife, she then started for the Arctic regions. Many and wonderful have been the conversions ; a Meeting has been established, and great good is being done in that far away land.

These were not all the calls. There were some that we could not answer. For three successive years a call has come from the Takou country, begging, pleading for teachers. Another has come from the Sumdum country. In fact, from almost every direction there are constant appeals for help, for teachers, with the promise that they themselves will do all they can to help to support the man sent to them. They want schools ; they want above all the Gospel.



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